VOLUME 1, NO. 6

WORLD'S F... SPAPER OF HORRO... ...ANTASY!

the Monster Times

GIANT COLOR POSTER INSIDE

BE A ZOMBIE FOR $2.00! SEE P. 23

50¢

OUR FIRST & LAST ZOMBIE ISSUE!

TALES OF THE LIVING DEAD!

ON SALE ... EVERY 2 WEEKS

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE was said to be "Jane Eyre in the West Indies" a gothic tale of a young girl who becomes mistress of a zombie-ridden household. No zombies, just a sleep-walker. At right is the-zombie-from-the-tin-pit, canning the mine-owner in PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES!

Great way to open an issue, huh? ZOMBIES. Who cares about zombies? We do! Let it be known that THE MONSTER TIMES is a newspaper that CARES! Nobody likes zombies . . . they're not really monsters. They're not really even dead. They're not really alive. Nor particularly bright. Nor are many of their films any good.

Come to think of it, we wonder ourselves, why we're doing a whole zombie issue, after all. But it's too late, now. Noted film researcher and expert, Ron Borst commences a vasty gargantuan and exhaustive and exhausting survey of what we'd hope is an exhausted topic; The Zombie in Films, on the 2nd page following . . . so turn the page, now . . . we're too tired to . . . .

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

the Monster Times

Volume 1, No. 6

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PAGE 1 **ZOMBIES ON PARADE!:** A survey of the zombie film from Z to Omega, for those who don't think one zombie film is enough.

6 **ZOMBIES IN COMIX:** They walked! They talked! They did practically everything. Hmmm. . .were they really zombies?

10 **I AM THE LEGEND OF THE LAST OMEGA MAN ON EARTH:** You read the book! You saw the movie! Then the second ~~movie!~~ ~~Now~~ read the newspaper story!

13 **THE ASTRO ZOMBIES:** Was way ahead of its time. . .and still is. Maybe someday, when we're all dead and buried. . .

14 **"AND THE DEAD SHALL WALK":** A special Lovecraftian MT horror comic strip, commissioned of Doom-dealing Demonic Dan Green.

16 **SPECIAL ZOMBIE POSTER IN FOUL COLOR!:** Something to make your spirits rise cheerfully (if not necessarily your lunch rise cheerfully).

18 **THE MONSTER TIMES TELETYPE:** You wonder where we gell all our info. So do we. Rumors that Bill Feret's related to Rona Barrett are quite untrue.

20 **ROGER CORMAN VS EDGAR ALLEN POE:** Part III of a series. The only fight where a movie maker killed an already dead author.

23 **MONSTER MARKET:** This time we product test (what else?) —a ZOMBIE MASK! Even a zombie can get zombied to death reading TMT!

24 **BADTIME STORIES. . .A REVIEW:** Baying Berni, baneful wolf of Wrightson's Weir, has done it again!. . .A horror book that's All-Wright, son!

26 **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD:** Is a classic film; not to mention a gory one, about zombie ghouls and guys. Hop on the grave-train!

27 **THE MONSTER MAIL:** Dead issues (of THE MONSTER TIMES) live again, called to life by the critical comments of our readers.

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Lookit the zombie come out of the grave,
He ain't changed his socks, and does he need a shave!
A zombie's sad story will choke up your throat,
Cause he ain't too handsome; his skin's such a bloat!
People don't like him, and girls shy away,
So he sings lotsa love songs of Maggots in May,
And graveyard rats lolling by the light of the moon,
So pity the poor zombie, but bury him soon!

The above song was found slid under our office door a couple of weeks ago, by person or persons unknown . . . and it's best that they remain so . . . unknown. Still, it got us to thinking of zombies (~~something~~ we don't do often), and so we hit on yon brainstorm: this tempestuous all-zombie ish. And just look at what the cyclone dragged in; enough zombies to last an afterlife-time. From the ASTRO-ZOMBIES to the ZUG-ZOMBIES of the BUCK ROGERS serial, they're all here.

"QUO ZOMBIE?"

Zombies: Why and Whither? Zombies are rather newcomers to the Traditional Monster club . . . that is, monsters who are more or less "natural" or "organic" as a health-food-faddist cannibal might call 'em), rather than the "new breed" of monsters produced by technology or from outer-space. They seem to be the last of the old-school, superstition-produced monsters.

Zombies are pretty unique in Monsterdom; zombies and witches seem the only monsters that are believed in today, in some parts of the civilized world, such as the island of Haiti.

But here in America, Zombies are considered, good, unclean fun, and so many good, unclean and funny zombies have paraded across the silver screen, and into our hearts, that we decided to dub this our special ZOMBIES ON PARADE ish. We've got ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY (Just in case you thought we forgot!), and zombies from Poe (LIGEA was a woman who came back from the dead).

Zombies from Pennsylvania came from their graves to appear in NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, zombies from some bar in Tijuana pretended to be from outer space in the John Carradine fiasco, ASTRO-ZOMBIES.

Zombies once thrived in comic books, stories of the undead once lived in abundance on pungent pulp paper comix, but since the Comics Code Authority came along, they all went to the WHITE ZOMBIES' GRAVEYARD . . . that is, obscurity. Now, with the comix revival, and a young, new, educated generation discovering suppressed and censored comic books of the 1950's, our survey of ZOMBIES IN COMIX was made, especially for this issue . . . zeroing in most particularly on that old EC-yarn, "Horror We? How's Bayou?" . . . Did you know there's a law on the books in New York State that makes horror comix illegal? More on that, when we do our special EC Horror Comix issue #9, which follows our special all-HAMMER Films issue, #8, which follows our special GODZILLA featured issue #7, which follows this one in two mere weeks.

Now doesn't that entice you to subscribe, and not miss out on the great grue stuff comin' soon enuf?

chuck

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THIS ISSUE'S COVER is a gargantuan panel by Dan Green of his comic strip "AND THE DEAD SHALL WALK!" We dug his grave comic strip so much, we had Dan blowup one panel with additions of Dan's deathly detail. We'll be futurely featuring more Green-grabbers.

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ZOMBIES ON PARADE!!!

Excerpted from PHOTON magazine (C) 1971

WRITTEN BY RON V. BORST

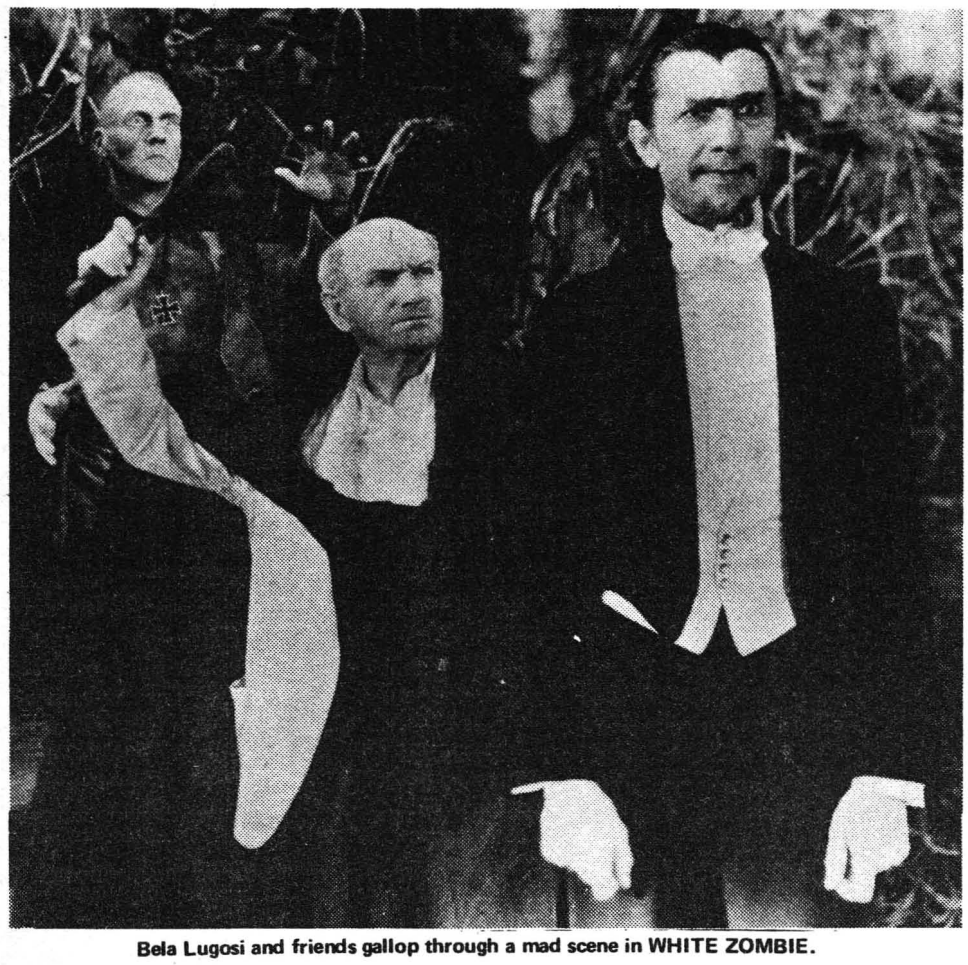
The latest zombie on the screen scene that we know of is Peter Cushing as kindly Mr. Grimsdyke from the EC-comix-based film, TALES FROM THE CRYPT. The first zombie, (below, far-left) was controlled by Bela Lugosi, in the 1932 classic, WHITE ZOMBIE. That's Bela in the tux and goatee. Not your usual zombie master, when Bela got beaned, his zombies fell flat on their . . . faces, and other places.

early origins

The term "zombie" is derived from the same source as those other supernatural terms: "vampire" and "werewolf" . . . from man's imagination; to be specific from a combination of religious beliefs (and, possibly, fear) and superstition. Unlike the other two, the zombie can almost be termed a local creation, having its foundation in our neighboring West Indies (rather than from remote corners of Europe and Asia). For although the ancient practice of voodoo can be traced back to Africa, the monsterish zombie doesn't seem to have developed until "black magic" spread to the isle of Haiti, usually identified as the birthplace of "zombieism."

The term first came into noteriety through William B. Seabrook's account of his visit to Haiti, *The Magic Island*, first published in 1929, entire chapter entitled, " . . . Dead Men Working in the Cane Fields," to the zombie, and his definition termed the creature:

> ". . . neither a ghost, nor yet a person who had been raised like Lazarus from the dead. The 'Zombie' they say, is a souless human corpse, still dead, but taken from the grave and endowed by sorcery with a mechanical semblance of life—it is a dead body which is made to walk and act and move as if it were alive. People who have the power to do this go to a fresh grave, dig up the body before it has had time to rot, galvanize it into movement, and then make of it a servant or slave, occassionally for the commission of some crime, more often simply as a drudge around the habitation or the farm, setting it dull and heavy tasks, and beating it like a dumb beast if it slackens."



Bela Lugosi and friends gallop through a mad scene in WHITE ZOMBIE.

Unlike the vampire or lycanthrope, a zombie cannot be destroyed by the well-known religious methods, sunlight or silver bullets. It toils from sunup to sunset in the cane fields, and is fed a tasteless food called "bouillie." The food must be devoid of salt, and the zombie must never be permitted to taste meat, for to do either would end in the zombie's realization that he is indeed a "walking dead"; he would voluntarily *return to his grave to remain there* permanently.

During his travels about Haiti, Seabrook was determined to view this phenomenon for himself, but eventually discovered that a group of so-called zombies toiling in a field were no more than dim-witted misfits; individuals pressed into slavery by unscrupulous villains. But in spite of this discovery, local natives who had become Seabrook's friends continued to insist that the zombie as a supernatural creature did indeed exist; that relatives of dead people reported seeing their long-dead relations months after they had been entombed.

WHITE ZOMBIE

"Unusual times demand unusual pictures," blurbed the ads heralding the arrival of WHITE ZOMBIE during mid-summer of 1932. "Here's a burning, glamorous love-tale told on the borderland of life and death . . . the story of a fiend who placed the woman he desired under the strange spell of WHITE ZOMBIE, rendering her soul-less, lifeless, yet permitting her to walk and breathe and do his every bidding! See this live, weird, strangest of all love stories!"

America received WHITE ZOMBIE *with the same tremendous* box-office response as DRACULA and FRANKENSTEIN got only scant months before.

Allegedly inspired by Seabrook's *The*

UNUSUAL
UNUSUAL
PICTURES
DEMAND
REGAL DISTRIBUTING CORP.
Presents
Here's a burning glamorous love-tale told on the borderland of life and death... the story of a fiend who placed the woman he desired under the strange spell of
"WHITE ZOMBIE"
rendering her soul-less, lifeless yet permitting her to walk and breathe and do his every bidding!
SEE THIS LIVE, WEIRD, STRANGEST OF ALL LOVE STORIES!
with
BELA (DRACULA) LUGOSI
ACTUAL EXTRACT FROM THE PENAL CODE OF HAITI
ARTICLE 249
PENAL CODE OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI
"Also shall be qualified as attempted murder the employment of drugs, hypnosis or any other occult practice which produce lethargic coma, or lifeless sleep; and if the person (Zombie) has been buried it shall be considered murder no matter what result follows."
● NOTE: The practice of Zombiism is punishable by death in Haiti! Yet, Zombiism is being practiced in this country. Look around you! Stranger things are happening than you ever dreamed.
A VICTOR & EDWARD HALPERIN PRODUCTION
Directed by VICTOR HALPERIN

An ad from the actual WHITE ZOMBIE pressbook, which is exceedingly rare and fragile and costly . . . but your newspaper spares no expense in getting all the monster curios you, the reader, deserve.

Magic Island, the only real connection between WHITE ZOMBIE and the non-fictional work is in its faithful presentation of zombieism. The pressbook from WHITE ZOMBIE does quote liberally (without giving specific credit) from Seabrook's description of the zombie, but only to stress believability in the creature.

The screenplay faithfully depicted the zombie according to the Haitian superstitions and voodoo practices. His most interesting development was in having Legendre (Bela Lugosi) transmit mental commands to his slaves by clasping his hands together and establishing a linkage between his brain and their undead minds. Usually, his hands were clasped only lightly. But his grip tightened as more and more power had to be asserted as in the case where he commands Madeline to kill her lover. Without this mental exchange between zombie and master, the slaves failed to function. When Legendre is momentarily knocked unconscious, the zombies lost control of their movements and blindly plummet over the cliff.

"Sorry pal . . . but sometimes I get this urge to scratch an itch, and I can't help myself," confeses this WHITE ZOMBIE slave of Bela Lugosi.

Black magician Legendre does not merely create his zombies by ressurecting them from their graves; he is able to create a type of semi-zombie subservient to his will through his own magical prowess. He manages this through the use of a strange drug. When Madeline inhales the scent, her mind goes blank, but she is hardly an actual zombie, since she has only appeared to die. Similarly, Beaumont does not die from the drugged wine. Rather, his mind slowly disintegrates, leaving him a vegetable whose last glimmer of humanity enables him to destroy his master in the concluding reel.

A highly interesting but puzzling question concerns the relationship between Legendre and his "pet" vulture, which Beaumont realizes is Legendre's familiar. Exactly what the bird represents in relation to Legendre, or to the plot, is unclear. At a showing of the film in New York, the author asked historian William K. Everson if he found any meaning in this relationship. Everson replied that he had once put the same question to his acquaintance Lugosi personally, and the actor bluntly replied, "It's simple! Transmigration of souls!" What Lugosi meant is open to interpretation. Could Legendre simply have dominated this bird as he had his human victims? Or is the bird a manifestation of a demon or dark spirit which serves the "white warlock"?

Lugosi triumphs in WHITE ZOMBIE. Lugosi achieved his all-time greatest portrayal of evil. It is also interesting to note that Lugosi only received a flat sum of $800 for this role in a film that made millions for its producers.

Lugosi shares one short dialog exchange with Baumont. (Robert Frazer) in which he watches his former employer mentally disintegrate into a nonentity. He performs the final act of changing Beaumont into a living zombie—carving the voodoo doll—and as Beaumont struggles to lift his hand to let it fall on Legendre's in a last attempt to implore the fiend to release Madeline from her fate, Legendre merely lifts his own arm from beneath and reminds Beaumont of their first encounter when Beaumont refused to shake hands with him. His tone might almost imply that he feels pity for his victim, but he has become so accostomed to denying humans the right to live that it is doubtful whether Beaumont's actions have even the slightest effect on his emotions.

WHITE ZOMBIE was made in 1932, but over the years it has achieved a remoteness in time as romantic and gothic as its theme. Its acting styles and technical facilities are admittedly primitive, but so, too, are they unique. Although the film may well be criticized for striving for over-melodramatic horrors, it succeeds well in the attempt; certainly as well as a DRACULA or FRANKENSTEIN. And because of its many unique properties: the superior photographic effects and macabre settings; the limited but meaty dialog; the lack of offensive comedy and the stress on age-old gothicism and romanticism, it may always be fondly regarded as one of the finest—if not *the* finest—gothic horror film from the era of the 1930's.

Zombies Invade Cambodia

In 1936, the Halperin brothers attempted to re-create their initial success with REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES which emerged as, quite literally, a carbon-copy of WHITE ZOMBIES in terms of characters, dialog and theme, but lacked the classical elements which made the earlier film a cinematic triumph.

The picture opens with some confusing sequences set on the Franco-Austrian frontier during the last months of World War I. A group of zombie soldiers advance against a hail of bullets to put the enemy to rout. Later, an oriental priest, chaplain of a French colonial regiment, is condemned to life imprisonment because he possesses the power of turning men into senseless automations, acting only in accordance with his will. Colonel Mazovia (Roy D'Arcy) hides himself in the priest's prison cell and rescues a parchment containing the location of the secret formula which the priest attempted to burn.

After the war is over, an expedition ocmposed of representatives from all the Allied countries come to Cambodia to destroy the secret of the zombies. Colonel Mazovia is a member of this expedition, as are Armand Louque (Dean Jagger), a student of dead languages; Clifford Grayson (Robert Noland), an Englishman; General Duval (George Cleveland) and his daughter, Claire (Dorothy Stone). The shy and diffident Armand falls in love with Claire, who accepts his proposal of marriage in order to spite Clifford, whom she really loves. Later, when the three are working near each other, Claire reveals her love for Clifford and Armand frees her from their engagement. As a result of "accidents" (caused by the wily Mazovia), and the refusal of the natives to work for the whites, the expedition returns to the base

1936 REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES

"The zombie . . . is a soulless human corpse, still dead, but taken from the grave and endowed by sorcery with a mechanical semblance of life. It is a dead body which is made to walk and act and move as if it were alive."

at Pnom Penh. However, when Armand discovers a previously overlooked clue, he sneaks back to Angkor against orders.

In the temple at Angkor the scholar views an ancient ceremony. Later he follows one of the native servants of the high priest out of the temple and through a swamp to a bronze doorway. After the servant leaves, Armand accidently strikes a gong held by a strange idol and a panel in the wall translates the inscription, he realizes that it is the secret.

When he returns to the expedition he is dismissed by his superior for insubordination and, hence, goes mad. He turns his servant into a zombie, and soon thereafter gains control over all the members of the expedition, making them obey his every command. By threatening Clifford, he forces Claire to consent to marry him, but finally comes to realize that he can never really force her to love him. Despairing of ever obtaining the one thing he most desires, Armand relinquishes his power and liberates the zombies from their semi-death, destroying both himself and the ancient secret.

As can easily be discerned from the synopsis, the picture is lacking in both sincerity and in authenticity.

Zombies meet Bob Hope!

Although the debasement of Dracula and Frankenstein's Monster was not to take place until the release of ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN in 1948, the zombie suffered a much quicker decline by serving as a monsterish foil to the antics of comedian Bob Hope in a lushly-mounted Paramount thriller of 1940 intitled THE GHOST BREAKERS.

Briefly, Hope plays Larry Lawrence, a radio commentator whose frequent remarks against gangsters finally force him to leave town. He accidentally traps himself in Mary Carter's (Paulette Goddard) trunk, and by the time he manages to make his presence known, he is on a ship bound for Cuba. Miss Carter has inherited a supposedly haunted castle,

"Be sure to look for me on page 16!" admonishes this zombie, one of the few really good-lookin' zombies ever seen. That's why we're running so many photos of him. Call it PLAGUE OF THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES!

accurate to state that often cited as chief representatives of the zombie sub-genre are two grade 'C' (to 'Z' depending upon one's taste) cheapies produced by the infamous Monogram Studios.

Monogram's first entry into the field was KING OF THE ZOMBIES, produced during 1941 and released prior to the December attack on Pearl Harbor. The film was directed by Jean Yarbrough (also known as the Rondo Hatton HOUSE OF HORRORS up to such recent trash as HILLBILLYS IN A HAUNTED HOUSE), and tried to combine several successful elements such as comic relief and even Nazi villains. Zombies there are described by a pert young servant Samantha (Marguerite Whitten) as "Dead folks. . .that walks around!" Samantha and "Old Tahama", the cook (Madame Sul-te-wan), have but to clap their hands to have the zombies march in for their evening dinner. The story is an incohesive farce.

As the night (and the picture) wear on, there are the usual nocturnal appearances of glassey-eyed zombies, etc, etc, etc.

At length in the lengthy picture, zombies turn against their master, a Nazi spy.

REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES followed only two years later. Monogram worked to degrade famed Shakespearian actor John Carradine in a similar fashion. The plot for this one made KING OF THE ZOMBIE's screenplay seem a masterpiece of construction, even though it used the same dull formula. There's some by-play between the hero and the zombies; in this case a fellow by the name of Lazarus (James Baskett) who remarks to Jeff over the car he drives, "Beautiful car. I drove a car like this for master." "Yes?" replies Jeff. "When I was alive," he adds.

There is a Nazi agent who is named Von Altermann. His goal is to develop a new army, an army of zombies which will not be stopped by bullets and will be, in fact, invincible. Firing a bullet point-blank into his zombie wife, Von

Continued on page 29

was pretty revolting to us.

and Lawrence offers to go along as her protector. Anthony Quinn turns up in a dual role throughout these proceedings, but the horror does not begin until they reach the island. There, Paramount's art director Hans Dreier (assisted by Robert Usher) created not only the spooky castle settings, but an eerie native hut in which an old woman (Virginia Brissac) lived with her zombie son (well played by Noble Johnson, specialist in horror roles).

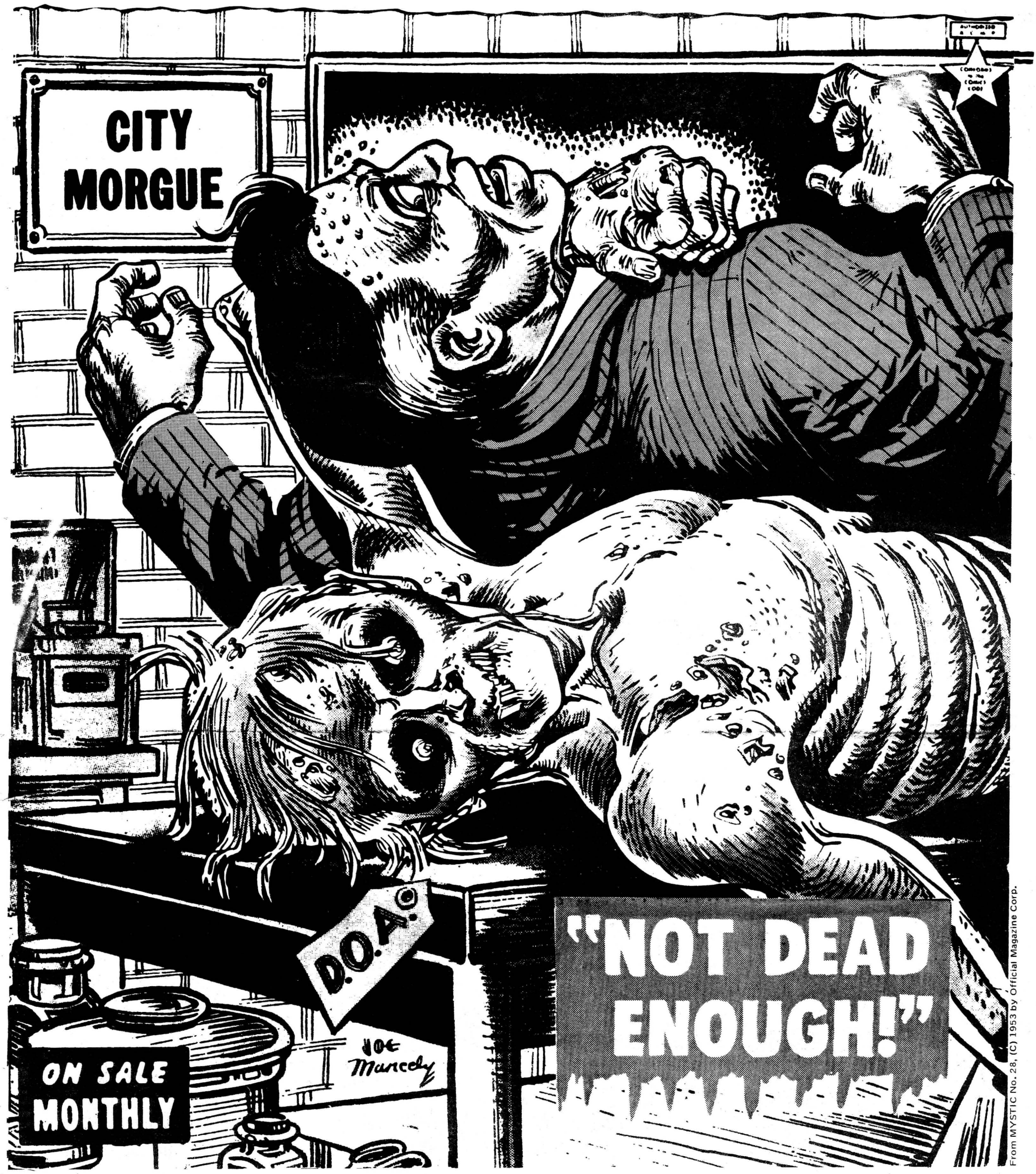
Larry manages to foil the prowling zombie, and reveals the whole thing as an evil plot by Miss Carter's supposed friend, Geoff Montgomery (a young Richard Carlson). In the conclusion, Montgomery meets a horrible finish and the island is found to be the source of a fortune in mineral deposits, but a supernatural presence of the castle's femme spirit and the zombie are left unexplained.

On the whole, THE GHOST BREAKERS is a reworking of the "old dark house" theme But when gaunt and brutish Noble Johnson lumbers down the dimly lit staircase in the latter half of the film, a genuine shuddery moment appears in an otherwise mediocre film.

total debasement: the Monogram Zombies

It is most unfortunate but perhaps

"Which way to Tijuana, Jack?" asks zombie in SANTO vs THE ZOMBIES, a Mexican monster epic about a mysterious masked wrestler.



"NOT DEAD ENOUGH" screeched the cover blurb on this 1953 pre-Code comic, MYSTIC . . . as any zombie-lover can plainly see. No zombies in the story inside, tho.

With the beginning of horror comix in the late forties, it was inevitable that stories containing ghouls and zombies would wretchedly arise from the pages of the four color comix' loam. They flooded the market—at a time when the market was dying—and were twisted and mangled so that by the late fifties, most comic readers couldn't tell the difference between a ghoul, a zombie, and an ordinary mortified corpse. They were moving factors in the burden of the dreaded Comix Code Authority. Authors and writers depicted them so badly that they were banned for many years. Even today, zombies and ghouls are contraband material for "approved comics." Some appear today in the quickly multiplying field of non-approved gross, horror comics, but still are done in putrescent fashion. Since THE MONSTER TIMES always reports on putrescent things in our own putrescent fashion, we unearth the foul-lowing facts of . . .

ZOMBIES IN THE COMIX!

by Steve Jenkins

"Scenes dealing with instruments associated with walking dead, torture, ghouls and cannibalism are prohibited."

code for editorial matter - Comics Code Authority 1954

The Late Great Undead EC Comix made the greatest Zombie story of all time. In a 1952 ish of HAUNT OF FEAR comix, the yarn "Horror We, How's Bayou," set a trend for zombie and ghoul comix for years to come. Authored by Al Feldstein and Bill Gaines, and drawn by "Ghastly" Graham Ingels, it was a triumph of artistic and writing harmony.

Despite the fact that "Horror We, How's Bayou" was a typical EC story (snap ending, over writing), it became a standout story of fear and terror. The story concerns two brothers living in the swampy morbid Bayou country. Everett, the abominable younger brother, is a homicidal maniac who must be satisfied every so often, lest he turn on Sidney, his elder brother. Sidney, in order to stave off his brother's deathly desires, lures victims to the dreary bayou hermitage by reversing a road sign leading them to the house.

Every victim is given the same treatment; an offer to spend the night. During the night Everett's mad thirst for murder overwhelms him, and he kills and then dismembers his gory gictims. Later they are tossed in a sack and thrown into a quicksand bog.

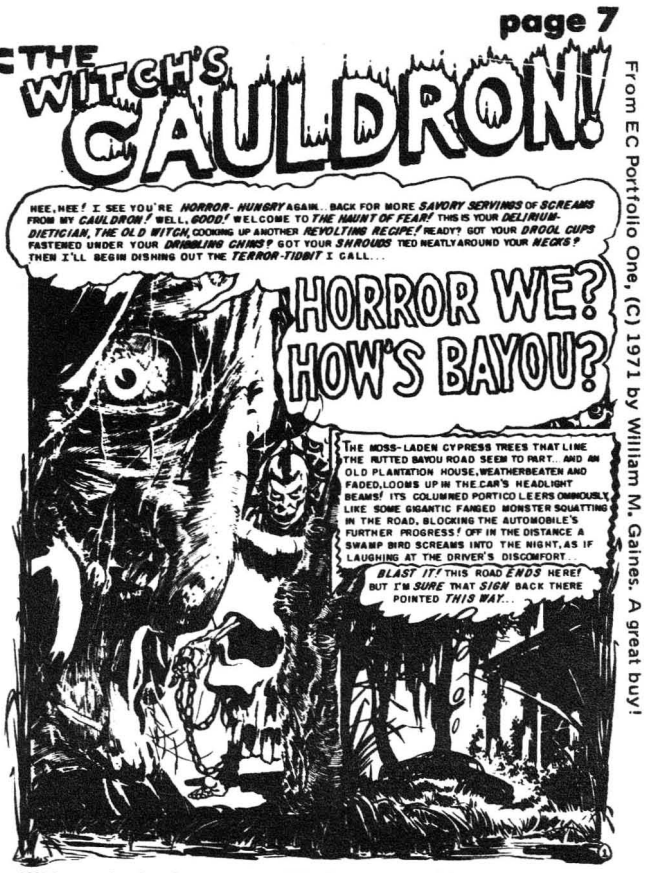
Everett has done this bestial action twice as the story opens. His third victim is a doctor. Following procedure, Everett kills, dismembers and disposes of the bloody remains of what is left of the doctor. Sidney sees to it that the doctor, like the obese salesman and the young lady before him, is sacked and thrown into the quicksand bog, along with his personal belongings and the car he arrived in. Sidney retires to an uneasy sleep. He is to get no rest this dark night, however. For tonight is a strange night. Through some supernatural force, the bodies that have been rotting in the quicksand are now reforming themselves.

The salesman's head is on the doctors body, the woman's head fused to the salesman, and so on. The three conglomorates return to the mansion for what is to become an almost universal theme in zombie/ghoul horror stories: revenge. They enter the house and, with the doctor's destructive tools, do unto Sidney, as have been done unto their muddy mussed-up selves. They attack the hunchbacked Sidney, dismembering his limbs and sew him back together, saying nothing, just going about their deadly work. No true zombie would talk, and they do not. Clearly showing that this story had been researched to some extent by the authors.

The narrator ends this tale of revenge in this manner: "Suddenly, a key rattles into the lock of the heavy door of Everett's room! He turns from the barred window! Disney, or what was once Sidney but is now nothing more than a confused reorganization of Sidney's dismembered body, stands before him . . . The upside down head hanging from the left hip, sobbing . . . the left leg, sewn to the left shoulder, crooked awkwardly around a makeshift crutch . . . the right leg swaying from the right shoulder . . . the left arm . . . ." Well, anyway, you get the idea.

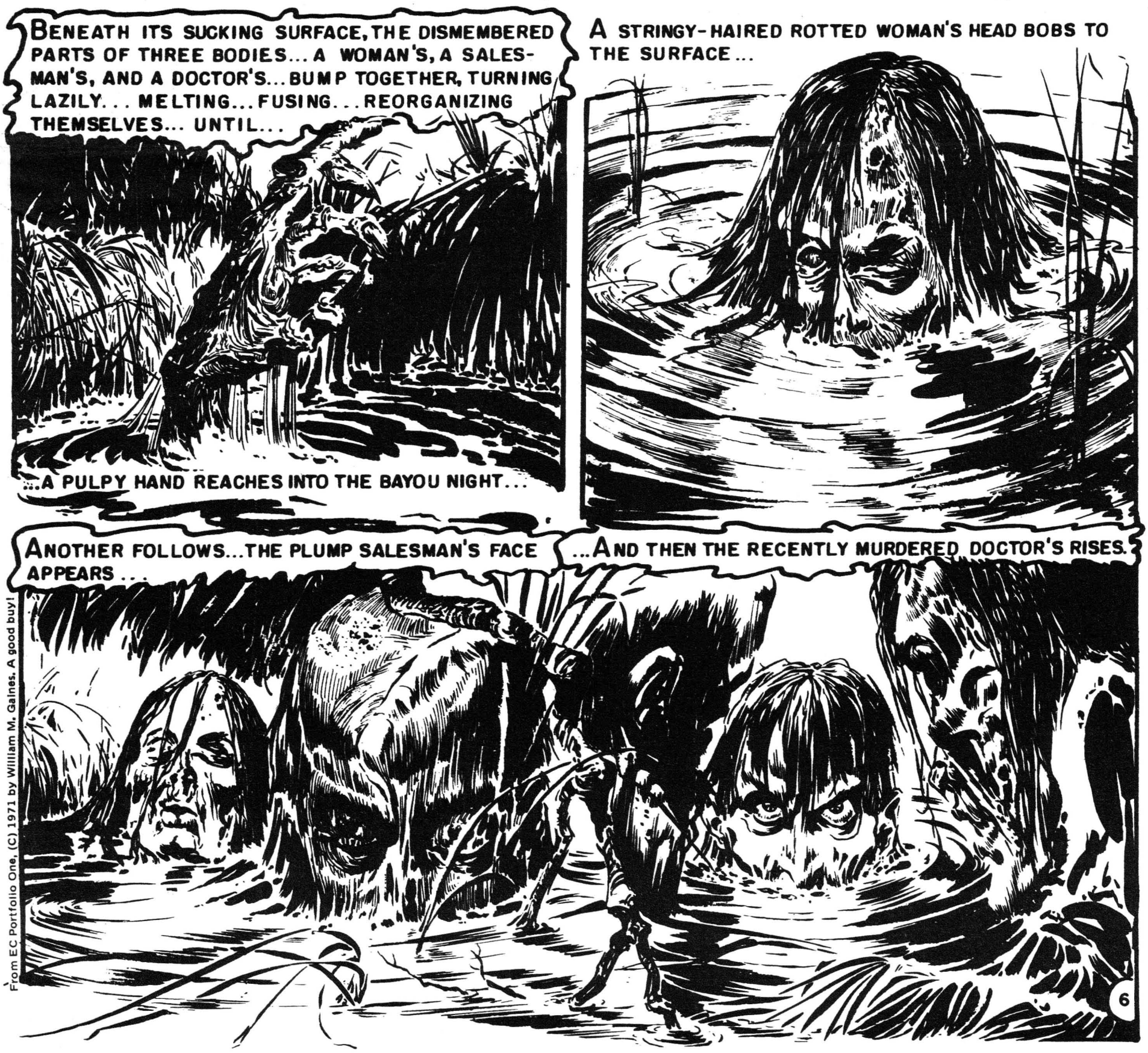
After "fixing" Sidney, they all return to the quicksand bog, and we assume were never seen again.

While the story was rather grim and difficult to


THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!
HEE, HEE! I SEE YOU'RE HORROR-HUNGRY AGAIN... BACK FOR MORE SAVORY SERVINGS OF SCREAMS FROM MY CAULDRON! WELL, GOOD! WELCOME TO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! THIS IS YOUR DELIRIUM-DIETICIAN, THE OLD WITCH, COOKING UP ANOTHER REVOLTING RECIPE! READY? GOT YOUR DROOL CUPS FASTENED UNDER YOUR DRIBBLING CHINS? GOT YOUR SHROUDS TIED NEATLY AROUND YOUR NECKS? THEN I'LL BEGIN DISHING OUT THE TERROR-TIDBIT I CALL...
HORROR WE? HOW'S BAYOU?
THE MOSS-LADEN CYPRESS TREES THAT LINE THE RUTTED BAYOU ROAD SEEM TO PART... AND AN OLD PLANTATION HOUSE, WEATHERBEATEN AND FADED, LOOMS UP IN THE CAR'S HEADLIGHT BEAMS! ITS COLUMNED PORTICO LEERS OMINOUSLY LIKE SOME GIGANTIC FANGED MONSTER SQUATTING IN THE ROAD, BLOCKING THE AUTOMOBILE'S FURTHER PROGRESS! OFF IN THE DISTANCE A SWAMP BIRD SCREAMS INTO THE NIGHT, AS IF LAUGHING AT THE DRIVER'S DISCOMFORT...
BLAST IT! THIS ROAD ENDS HERE! BUT I'M SURE THAT SIGN BACK THERE POINTED THIS WAY...

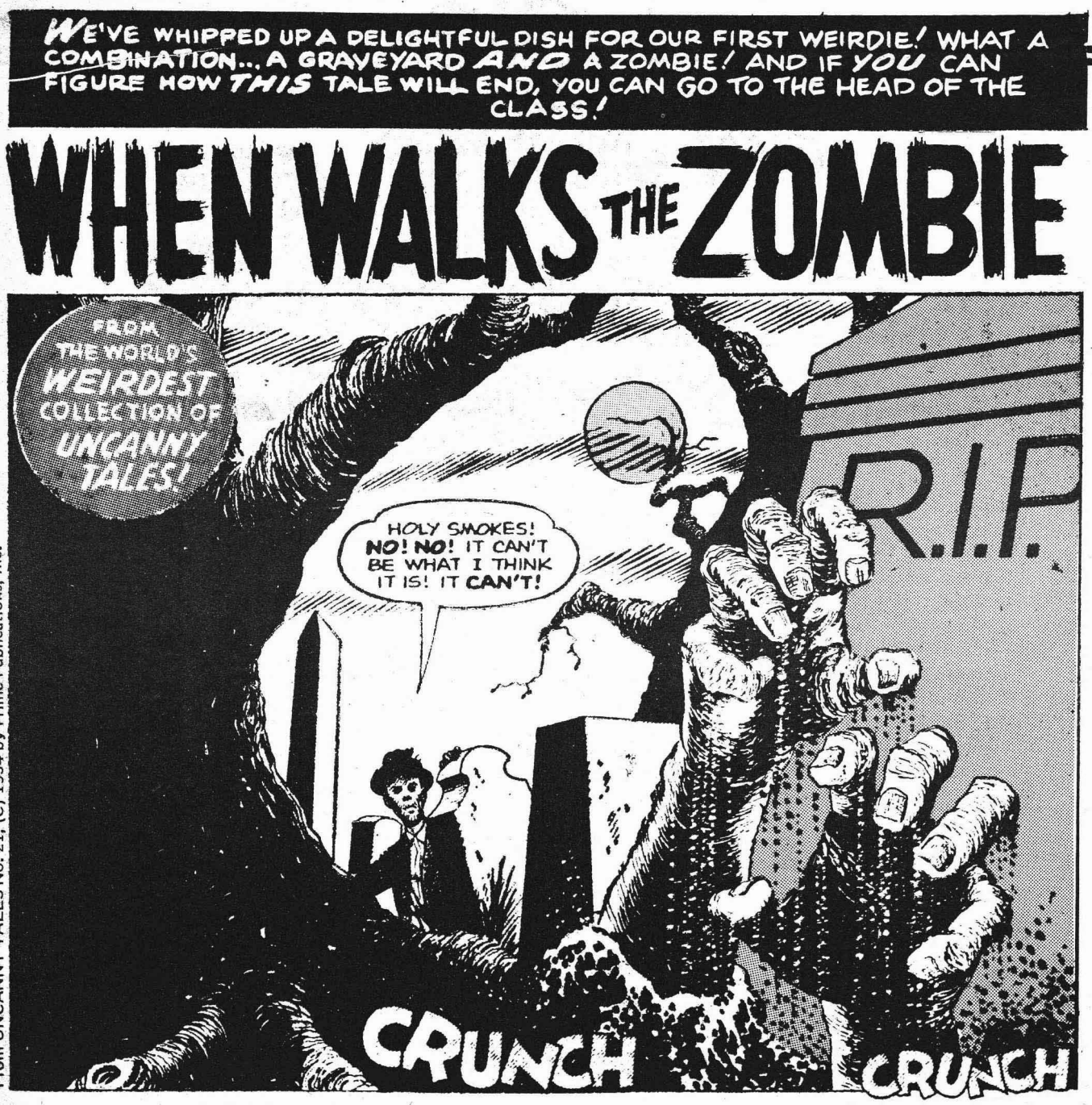
Without doubt the greatest title for any zombie story ever . . .

More HORROR WE? HOW'S BAYOU? Tale from the Swamp . . .Artist "Ghastly" Ingels made us aware of polluted water's hazards before even American industry did.


BENEATH ITS SUCKING SURFACE, THE DISMEMBERED PARTS OF THREE BODIES... A WOMAN'S, A SALESMAN'S, AND A DOCTOR'S... BUMP TOGETHER, TURNING LAZILY... MELTING... FUSING... REORGANIZING THEMSELVES... UNTIL...
...A PULPY HAND REACHES INTO THE BAYOU NIGHT...
A STRINGY-HAIRED ROTTED WOMAN'S HEAD BOBS TO THE SURFACE...
ANOTHER FOLLOWS... THE PLUMP SALESMAN'S FACE APPEARS...
...AND THEN THE RECENTLY MURDERED DOCTOR'S RISES.

From EC Portfolio One, (C) 1971 by William M. Gaines. A good buy!

From EC Portfolio One, (C) 1971 by William M. Gaines. A great buy!


WE'VE WHIPPED UP A DELIGHTFUL DISH FOR OUR FIRST WEIRDIE! WHAT A COMBINATION... A GRAVEYARD AND A ZOMBIE! AND IF YOU CAN FIGURE HOW THIS TALE WILL END, YOU CAN GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS!
WHEN WALKS THE ZOMBIE
FROM THE WORLD'S WEIRDEST COLLECTION OF UNCANNY TALES!
HOLY SMOKES! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE WHAT I THINK IT IS! IT CAN'T!
R.I.P.
CRUNCH
CRUNCH

From UNCANNY TALES No. 21, (C) 1954 by Prime Publications, Inc.

Well, it really wasn't. This "zombie" was more like a putrefied giant leprechaun (he even wore green shrouds). The "normal" human gains control by threatening to burn the zombie's old clothes . . . which will destroy him. Wouldn't it destroy you? It destroyed us!

illustrate, "Ghastly" Ingels, as he came to be known during the period does a masterful job of drawing the story. Burderned by the overwritten captions, Ingels produces an illustrating job that still amazes today's fine "comic-art" artists. It is a great tribute to Ingels when one realizes that the comic artists of today have gone twenty-odd years, and have still to match the ghastly, gruesome mood that Ingels conjured up in some of his finest graphic works. Artist of heaving horror Berni Wrightson swears by Ghastly Ingels.

Many of the other horror comics produced in the 50's time period were only pale imitations of the fine horror that EC produced. The June 1954 issue of **UNCANNY TALES** carried a story titled "When Walks the Zombie". The story, both art and story wise would normally be devoid of interest, but it was one of the very last stories in comics to have the word 'zombie' connected with it for almost twenty years. In October 1954 the Comics Code Authority was formed, and bowing to outside pressure, forbade many stories, including those which featured vampires, zombies, ghouls and cannibals. The zombie went out with a terrible example.

"When Walks the Zombie" would have to be considered as a front runner if a poll for "worst-comic-story-EVER" was taken. The story is simply pap, and the art is barren, and rather childish. The writer knew very little of the legends surrounding the zombie. According to no less a source as Webster's Dictionary, a zombie is "a human being with-out will or speech but capable only of automatic movement." Well, our zombie in this story can move at will, talk at will, and do everything else he heartily desires. This pseudo-zombie is depicted as digging HIMSELF up from his grave each starless night at midnight to claim himself a victim. He then plummets back into his grave, and awaits the next evening.

Many times throughout the story all we see is the zombie from the head up, from the torso up, or with his feet seemingly stuck in the unbroken ground above his shadowy grave. This is strange in itself. How could the ground remain unbroken if he enters and leaves the grave twice each shadowy night. And we're never told what our zombie does with the victims. They just disappear.

Stories of this ilk were the mainstay of Atlas Comics, EC's main competition those days. It's editor was Stan Lee. Lee, as opposed to Feldstein, Gaines and the other men at EC, had absolutely no standard of quality. Any schlock available was thrown in. And thrown in frequently. Whereas, EC had a top staff of artists and authors. Lee had several good artists working for him on these books. Joe Maneely, Joe Sinott and Doug Wildey were constant contributors. Although not of the same cloth that the EC artists were, they were talented, but Lee did nothing more than have them hack out story after repugnant story.

Many of Atlas' covers were decorated with zombies and ghouls, and yet the story-line suggested ghosts, mad scientists, or robots. Representative of these frauds were such titles as **Mystic** (No. 26 and No. 28) and Uncanny Tales (No. 19). Apparently zombies and the like were selling then, but no one in Lee's stable knew how to write them correctly.

A story in **Adventures into Terror No. 30** is such a case. It's apparently about zombies, but the story raises many questions. Entitled "The Dead Don't Sleep", the artists drew the zombies as eerie ghosts on the insides, and like decrepit skeletons on the cover. They must be zombies because they give every appearence of having hjman material form (broken dirt over their graves, holding knives) and the like. Yet they are drawn as ghosts.

In one of the better Atlas tales, entitled "From Out of the Grave" concocted by Gene Colan (who is still active today at Marvel) the story line confuses ghouls and zombies. The revenge motive is once again apparent. The vent vindication from the grave on these who move their bodies and sell the corpses to be sidsected by doctors in surgery lessons. Yet, while the story is mildly entertaining, the confusion muddies the plot. The entities have ghoul features black hair and chalk face, but have the actions of a zombie.

In all the zombie comics of the mid-fifties, only a few seem researched to get any sense of authenticity. One of these is "The Mad Mamba" from **Adventures into Weird**

KEEPING TIME TO THE MAD MAMBA RHYTHM, THE ZOMBIE HELD LOLA IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP! THEY MOVED SO SWIFTLY, IT WAS AS IF THEIR FEET NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND!
AIEEE! LET GO!
THE MAD MAMBA CONTINUED THRU THE NIGHT, AND AS ONE CREATURE FROM THE LIVING DEAD RETURNED TO HIS GRAVE, ANOTHER TOOK HIS PLACE! THE OLD WITCH PLAYED ON AND ON, BEATING OUT THE WILD RHYTHM ON HER GUITAR...
STOP! ENOUGH! STOP THE MUSIC!
THERE WAS NO SHORTAGE OF DANCING PARTNERS FOR LOLA THAT NIGHTMARISH NIGHT! IT SEEMED AS IF SHE WOULD NEVER STOP DANCING!
AT LAST THE DAWN CAME, AND WITH THE MORNING LIGHT, THE LAST DANCING CORPSE RE-ENTERED HIS GRAVE! THE OLD WITCH FLED FROM THE GRAVEYARD, LEAVING A TRAIL OF EERIE NOTES HOVERING OVER THE PATH BEHIND HER!
HEE! HEE!
AND WHAT OF LOLA BRITTON, THE GIRL WITH THE BIG IDEAS? WHERE WAS THE FAME, THE GLORY... THE GREAT FORTUNE SHE WOULD DO ANYTHING TO GET? SOMEWHERE IN HAITI, A WILD-EYED WOMAN IS FLYING AROUND THE COUNTRY-SIDE, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE MUSIC OF THE MAD MAMBA! BUT THE MACABRE RHYTHM WILL NEVER STOP BEATING IN HER MAD BRAIN!
AAIEEEEE!
YOU'LL FIND A TANTALIZING MIXTURE OF WEIRDIES IN THE NEXT, GREAT ISSUE OF WEIRD WORLDS! DON'T MISS IT!

From WEIRD WORLDS No. 23, (C) 1953 by Animirth Comics, Inc.

"First you put your tarsels close up-tight! — then ya rattle to the left, and ya clatter to the right! . . .then ya jingle and jangle and clank all night! . . . that's what WE call — THE MAD MAMBA!"

Worlds, from the ever-present Atlas folks. Oddly enough, this story makes no mention of zombies, but probably is one of the best tales on zombies of the era. "The Mad Mamba" is centered around two dancers who go on tour to Haiti. One is approached by an old witch who offers the dancer to witness the secret Haitian voodoo rites. The dancer agrees and goes to the appointed place, an old burial ground. When she arrives the old witch throws into the air some blue colored powder which turns to flames. The flames are estinguished and the smoke covers all of the graves. Zombies break from the graves and dance at the bidding of the frightful witch.

Arthur Miller, look out!

Even though it seemed to be best fit for a Roscrucian Roseland, or a dime-a-dance hall giveaway prize, "The Mad Mamba" is one of the few stories that has any real truth concerning zombies. Haitians are notorious belivers

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"Ghoul—a legendary being held to rob graves and feed upon corpses. (They are neither man nor woman, they are neither brute nor human.)"

Edgar Allan Poe

---

in voodoo and zombies. And in "The Mad Mamba" there is one of the rare instances of a zombie actually doing the bidding of a living being, which is how zombies supposedly do exist.

WE WERE CONDEMNED FOR PRACTICING WITCHCRAFT.WE WERE HANGED, OR TORTURED ON THE RACK, OR BURNED AT THE STAKE! THE OLD TREE IS BEWITCHED BY US...IT MARKS THE BORDER LINE BETWEEN THE WORLDS OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD!
From MYSTIC No. 26, (C) 1953 by Official Magazine Corp.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD was another one of those stories you've seen so often of revenge from the other side of the grave. If you want to see any more of them whatsoever, we highly recommend Warren Publications, GREEPY & WEARY.

The zombie in the comics of the sixties have been relatively ignored. The comic books under the comics code authority are still forbidden. Or at least they were up until 1971. At that time, the Comix code allowed both werewolves and vampires to be depicted in the classical form such as Dracula, Der Golem, etc. However, neither Marvel of National or any other comix group has done any zombie stories. We must assume they are still banned. (For some reason, the revised version of the code has been kept quiet, and it is virtually impossible to get a copy of the new rules.)

The black and white, non-code comic magazines do make extenstive, if not good use of the zombie. Magazines such as WEIRD, HORROR TALES, and SHOCK. Stanley and Eerie Publications are the major distributors here.

Stanley Publications seem to use at least one zombie story per issue. Often they are reprints of the poor fifties material. Sometimes new material is included, most being far worse than the reprint stuff. Sad but true. Representative of these horror stories is "Zombie Mannikins", illustrated by an artist named "Osway." The story concerns a madman named Lebaron who uses fresh dead bodies to make good looking mannikins, which is a very strange sort of taxidermy indeed.

The story again is concerned with the weird revenge motive, and is rather uninspiring. The art, though, is a travesty. The bodies are badly out of proportion, and is made worse through muddied reporduction and bad shades of gray.

Eerie publication recently produced a story entitled

Part of the memorable TALES FROM THE CRYPT No. 24 zombie cover, drawn by Al Feldstein, who also wrote most of their horror stories, too. Mr. Feldstein now edits MAD magazine. A frightening thought.

"Zombie Army" which was totally forgettable. It wasn't really concerned about zombies, just another stock character mad scientist. The art is very poor here, and again the reproduction makes it worse. It was just another of all too many, too numerous to list.

Looking back over the history of the zombie in comics, it is painfully apparent that they have been rarely used correctly. When they have, they have been ruined by either bad art or bad writing. Perhaps with the relaxation of the code, comics will make proper use of zombies and ghouls. We hope that very soon we will see a GOOD zombie story, in a GOOD comic, with GOOD artists and GOOD writers. If and when it occurs, we'll certainly let you know! ■

THEY'RE HERE! I MUST STAY HIDDEN HERE OR BE KILLED BY THEM! BUT... THE TIDE IS COMING IN!
...THEY'RE STILL HERE...AND THE TIDE IS...N-NO!
WHAT WAS THAT SCREAM BELOW?
AIEEEEE!
And SO, PIERRE DABLOND DIES AS HORRIBLE AS HE LIVED...FOR THE SECOND TIME!
THE END
From WEIRD, Oct. 1970, (C) 1970 by Eerie Publications, Inc.

They called this member of THE ZOMBIE ARMY a zombie . . . but we have a little trouble believing them. But they said so in print, so it must be true. If it weren't, they wouldn't be allowed to put it in WEIRD. Ok, so it's a zombie-werewolf! Enough already!

Eighteen years ago, Richard Matheson wrote a novel; I AM LEGEND. Since then, it's been made into two films. The first time, Vincent Price played the hero. In the second film (to show you how times have changed), we were given Charlton Heston in THE OMEGA MAN.

The book and the first film were about vampiric zombies (or was it zombie-like vampires?). The second film, we really can't be sure. It's been said that it's too bad that both films have been made, for now we'll never see Matheson's I AM LEGEND faithfully filmed. To give you an idea how elaborate and complicated the whole thing is (Book/Movie/Movie) we got MT assistant editor Jim Wnoroski and top resident film reviewer Denny O'Neil to write a joint-review-article-book-review which we've scotch-taped together and called . . .

"I am the Legend of the Last Omega Man on Earth"...Blues

"His fingers shook as he turned the ignition key. His hands gripped the wheel rigidly as he made a tight U turn and started back toward Gardena . . .

"A groan cut itself off in his throat as he jammed the gas pedal to the floor and the small station wagon leaped ahead, the speedometer needle fluttering, then moving steadily past the sixty-five mark, the seventy, the seventy-five. What if they were already waiting for him? How could he possibly get in the house? . . .

"The silent streets flew past and he kept looking from side to side to see if any of them were appearing in the doorways. It seemed as if it were already getting dark, but that could have been imagination. It couldn't be that late, it couldn't be . . .

"Then, as he turned the corner with a screech of clinging tires, he couldn't hold back the gasp.

"They were all in front of his house, waiting.

"A sound of helpless terror filled his throat. He didn't want to die. He might have thought about it, even contemplated it. But he didn't want to die. Not like *this*.

"Now he saw them all turn their white faces at the sound of the motor. Some more of them came running out of the open garage and his teeth ground together in impotent fury. What a stupid, brainless way to die!

"Now he saw them start running straight toward the station wagon, a line of them across the street. And, suddenly, he knew he couldn't stop. He pressed down on the accelerator, and in a moment the car went plowing through them, knocking three of them aside like tenpins. He felt the car frame jolt as it struck the bodies. Their screaming white faces went flashing by his window.

"Now they were behind and he saw in the rear-view mirror that they were all pursuing him. A sudden plan caught hold in his mind, and impulsively he slowed down, even braking, until the speed of the car fell to thirty, then twenty miles an hour.

"He looked back and saw them gaining, saw their grayish-white faces approaching, their dark eyes fastened to his car, to him . . .

"He jerked the car to the curb and shoved the door open. As he raced around the edge of the car he heard the billowing cry of their approach around the corner . . .

" 'Neville!'

"His body jerked back as Cortman came lunging out of the dark shadows of the garage.

"Cortman's body dove into his and almost knocked him down. He felt the cold, powerful hands clamp on his throat and smelled the fetid breath clouding over his face. The two of them went reeling back toward the sidewalk and the white-fanged mouth went darting down at Robert Neville's throat.

"Abruptly he jerked up his right fist and felt it drive into Cortman's throat. He heard the choking sound in Cortman's throat. Up the block the first of them came rushing and screaming around the corner.

"With a violent movement, Robert Neville grabbed Cortman by his long, greasy hair and sent him hurtling down the driveway until he rammed head on into the side of the station wagon . . .

"Neville dived for the door and unlocked it. He pushed it open, slipped inside, and turned. As he slammed it shut an arm shot through the opening. He forced the door against it with all his strength until he heard bones snap, then he opened the door a little, shoved the broken arm out, and slammed the door. With trembling hands he dropped the bar into place . . .

"His rage-palsied hands ripped out the clothes from the bureau drawer until they closed on loaded pistols . . .

"He jerked open the door and shot the first one in the face. The man went spinning back off the porch and two women came at him in muddy, torn dresses, their white arms spread to enfold him. He watched their bodies jerk as the bullets struck them, then he shoved them both aside and began firing his guns into their midst, a wild yell ripping back his bloodless lips.

"He kept firing the pistols until they were both empty. Then he stood on the porch clubbing them with insane blows, losing his mind almost completely when the same ones he'd shot came rushing at him again. And when they tore the guns out of his hands he used his fists and elbows and he butted with his head and kicked them with his big shoes.

"It wasn't until the flaring pain of having his shoulder slashed open struck him that he realized what he was doing and how hopeless his attempt was. Knocking aside two women, he backed toward the door. A man's arm locked around his neck. He lurched forward, bending at the waist, and toppled the man over his head into the others. He jumped back into the doorway, gripped both sides of the frame, and kicked out his legs like pistons, sending the men crashing back into the shrubbery.

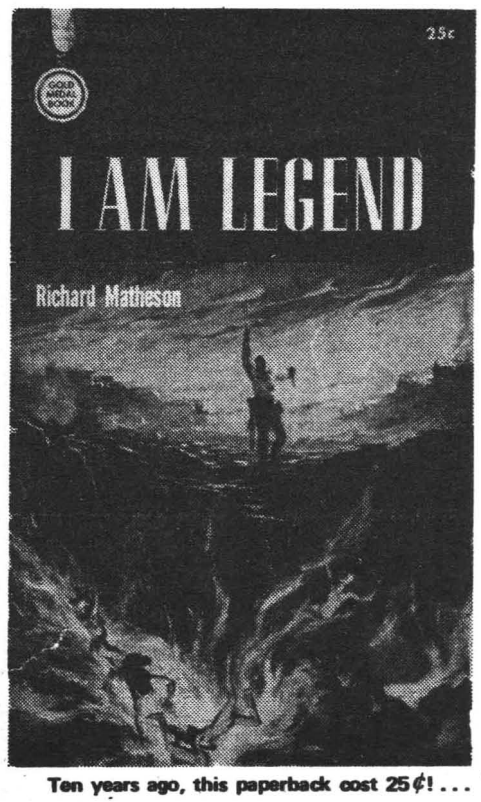
"Then, before they could get at him again, he slammed the door in their faces, locked it, bolted it, and dropped the heavy bar into its slots.

"Robert Neville stood in the cold blackness of his house, listening to the vampires scream.

"He stood against the wall clubbing slowly and weakly at the plaster, tears streaming down his bearded cheeks, his bleeding hand pulsing with pain. Everything was gone, everything."

—from I AM LEGEND,
by Richard Matheson,
1954 Fawcett Publications.

Charlton Heston, Omega Man occupation: exterminator of zombies and other normal things . . .



Ten years ago, this paperback cost 25¢! . . .

Sickly looking thing, that zombie-vampire, there. Vincent Price has been tracking him all morning. Now for Mr. Price to stake his on-track bet . . .

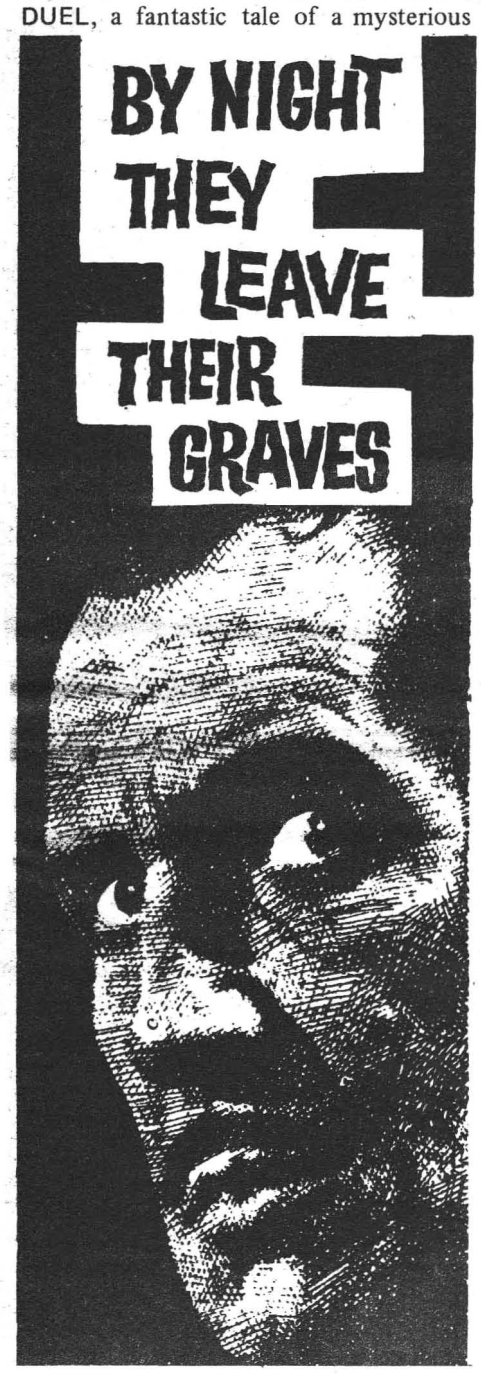
Part 1:
Matheson am Legend!

By Jim Wnoroski

Richard Matheson is probably one of the best all around fantasy writers of our time, but if you aren't familiar with any of his short stories as yet, Mr. Matheson also scripted many of the early Roger Corman Poe films such as TALES OF TERROR and THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM. He also wrote the classic tale of surreal marvel, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN.

Further along, Matheson went on to writing approximately one fourth of the scripts for the now classic fantasy teleseries, TWILIGHT ZONE.

More recently, writer Matheson has been responsible for two of the highest rated made-for-TV movies ever made; DUEL, a fantastic tale of a mysterious



Dramatic sketch of Vincent Price, from LAST MAN LEFT ON EARTH pressbook

trailer truck threating the life of an innocent driver, and THE NIGHT STALKER—the Las Vegas vampire story that was so good that plans are now rolling to release it to theatrical motion picture houses across the country. THE NIGHT STALKER had the highest rating of any motion picture.

But what has to be Matheson's most famous work was the novel he penned for the late pulp science-fiction writer Henry Kuttner. It was called I AM LEGEND—and still stands today as one of the best examples of imaginative literature ever produced in the fantasy genre.

Told in a no-nonsense style as you have just seen, it graphically unravels the tale of Robert Neville, sole survivor of a strange malady that strikes the Earth turning all except himself into ravenous vampire-zombie creatures that make nightmares come alive.

Each day the solitary man scours the

"It takes forever to get service in this place," says OMEGA MAN's zombie-corpse who's obviously eaten at YING's . . . one of TMT's staff's favorite restaurants.

city stalking out what resting vampires he can find and kill before sundown, when the zombie-like creatures arise again to seek out Mr. Neville in a vicious circle of Hide & Seek.

The book follows Neville's progress and survival over the years since the plague mysteriously struck the world and normalcy was destroyed. How he turns his house into a fortress to keep out the marauding invaders, how the memories of the past and happy times come back to haunt his dreams each night; and how he finally finds that, due to an infection caused by a bat in childhood, he has unwittingly become "the last man on Earth!"

Matheson at any Price

Now if that last sounds a bit familiar, it's because it also served as the title to an adaptation of Matheson's novel made in 1962 by an Italian company. Starring Vincent Price, the black and white film was an interesting, seldom rising sleeper that even today is virtually ignored by television late show programmers. Even after dark, this flick remains coffined in its film-can, most or the time.

Although THE LAST MAN LEFT ON EARTH suffered somewhat from faulty production values and did not faithfully live up to Matheson's own expectations in the book, the film did possess quite an unusual atmosphere that was totally lacking from the more recent Warner Brothers take-off, THE OMEGA MAN, with Charlton Heston in the title role. More of that shortly.

Vincent Price managed to keep his hammy qualities pretty much in check for this outing, and as a result the audience relates more to the Neville character than the typical Price caricature which he puts on in most of his movies.

Very much in the same vein of George Romero's more recent underground classic NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, the film sports the same types of goulish blood sucking creatures – as well as an ending that no onw would ever expect.

For in THE LAST MAN LEFT ON EARTH's conclusion, Neville finds that a new race of "quasi-vampires" has evolved that can exist in daylight, and who function as intelligent beings – not mindless zombies out only to kill and plunder. And it is this new race who bring Robert Neville to trial for the strangest crime ever commited by a human being – the fact that he just exists AS A HUMAN BEING.

And so, the zombie-vampires skewer Vincent Price, THE LAST MAN LEFT ON EARTH, to death before the pulpit of an abandoned church . . . fit punishment for a fellow who'd made his daily work the eradication of all the vampire-zombie race with the old stake-in-the heart ploy.

But in Matheson's book, he poisons himself with pills, on the realization that: "Normalcy was a majority concept, the standard of many and not the standard of just one man.

"Abruptly that realization joined with what he saw on their faces – awe, fear, shrinking horror – and he knew that they were afraid of him. To them he was some terrible scourge they had never seen, a scourge even worse than the disease they had come to life with. He was an invisible specter who had left for evidence of his existence the bloodless bodies of their loved ones. And he understood what they felt and did not hate them."

Many people considered Matheson's book to be far superior to the film that Vincent Price made, and kept up hope that someday I AM LEGEND would be filmed again . . . only by the book!

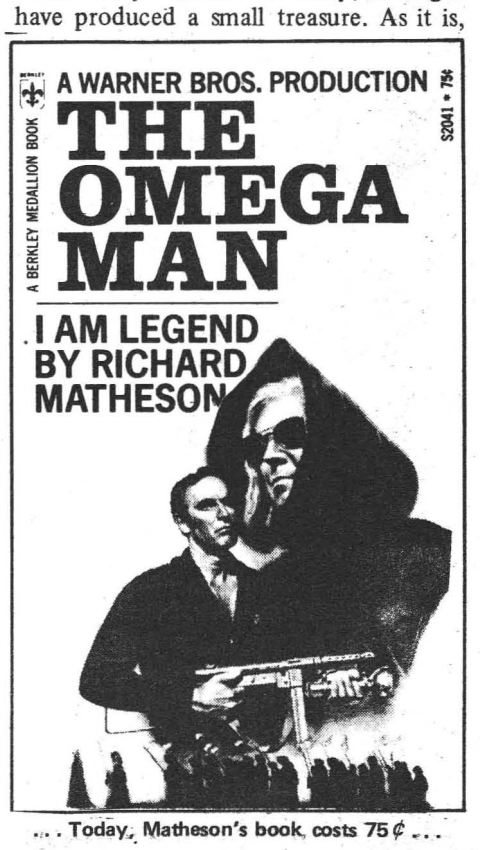
Then a half a year ago, it WAS remade. But the results of the ressurection? You can see for yourself, as it's still playing in the boondocks and the smaller 2nd-run Big City grind houses, and Denny O'Neil observes thusly . . .

Headache-ridden Charleton Heston needs a couple of tablets . . . and a gag-writer.

Part 2:
Omega big noise

by Dennis O'Neil

There's nothing new in THE OMEGA MAN: you've seen pictures about the End Of Civilization As We Know It, and you've seen pictures about mutated monstrosities, and you've *surely* seen Charlton Heston slaying multitudes, muscles a'bulge, teeth spread across his face like a piano keyboard. (Heston's dentist must be the proudest man in Hollywood.) But the film is worth your admission money nonetheless. Director Boris Sagal has blended his elements well – so weak, in fact, that had he blended them a tiny bit more skillfully, he might have produced a small treasure. As it is,



. . . Today, Matheson's book costs 75¢ . . .

he's given us expert entertainment. There are other survivors of the plague in this one.

Most of the other survivors caught the sickness, lived through it, but were hideously disfigured and driven to a raging paranoia which takes the form of religious mania. These, black-clad figures who call themselves The Family, rip around Los Angeles destroying all traces of science and culture; their leader, Brother Matthias, feels his is a holy mission. Heston, too, feels the crusader's urge, so he goes after the Family with submachine guns, pistols and bombs. In the course of his attempts to finish what the germs started, he is captured, sentenced to death, and rescued by – yes! – a *third* group of survivors. Although they are also diseased, they have not yet totally succumbed to the sickness. With their help, Heston finds a cure and . . .

. . . and I won't blow the climax for you. You'll probably guess it anyway, once you realize that Heston, Sagal and company aren't interested in making any apocalyptic statements, nor are they willing to insult the audience's intelligence with a sweetness-and-light ending. It's a compromise, and like all compromises, it is unsatisfying. But anyone able to accept the realities of commercial cinema won't object too much; at least, the story has been compromised with thorough professionalism.

To my surprise, I enjoyed Heston's performance. In most of the roles he's played since his excellent job in Orson Welles' TOUCH OF EVIL, he's seemed to have a Moses fixation – recited every line as though the Almighty were hiding in his tonsils. Here, he's creditably human, giving his character suggestions of weakness, foibles, and even fears and

Continued on page 28

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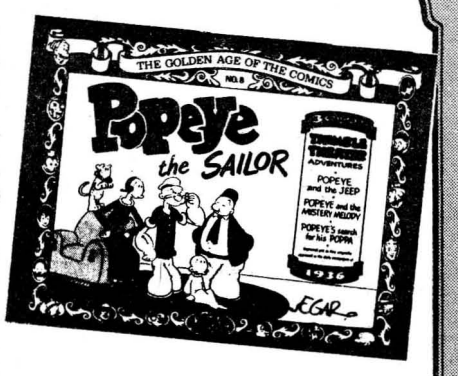

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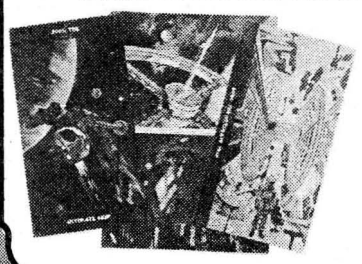

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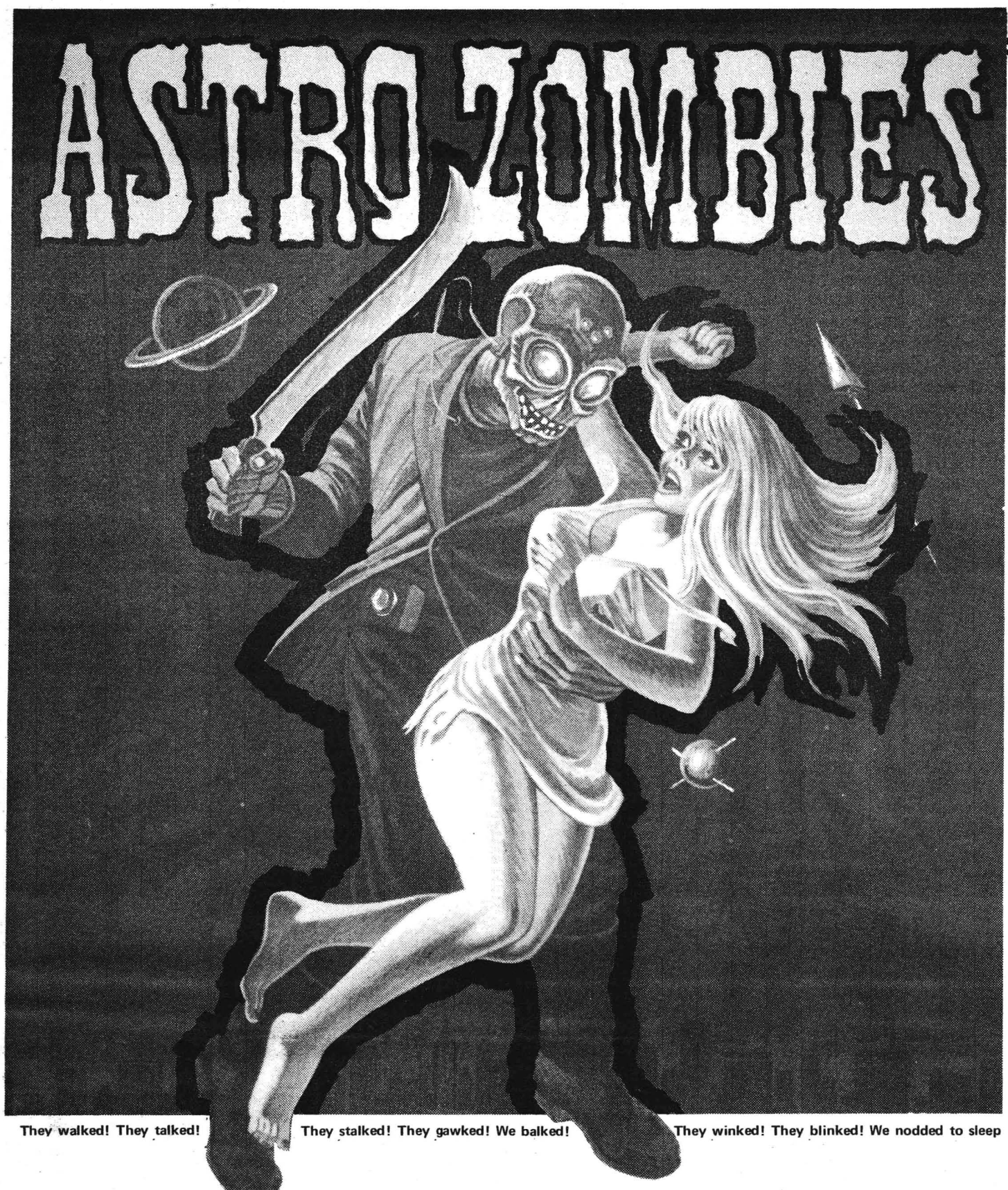


SEE IT AND YOU DIE 1000 DEATHS!

Bet you were wondering what the heck we can do with Zombies. Like, aren't they a bit too few, if not too much? One zombie film per lifetime is about all that one person can tolerate, and all we at TMT have been doing is cramming zombies down your eyeballs. We're zombie-ing you to death . . . and then some. It's all a clever scheme, you see. Once you're dead, we'll bring you back to be our slave. Kidding aside, the following kidding article is one of Young Mighty Joe (Kane's) laffadaisical looks at the ONE zombie film that you must see, if you're only ever going to any zombie film as long as you live. You should live so long! . . .

BY JOE KANE

The scene is a desolate four foot stretch of the vast, blazing hot American sandbox. The stillness is soon broken by the entrance of something resembling Robbie the Robot, complete with blinking-light eyes and stiff little arms moving mechanically up and down in time to the methodical turning of his wheels, treading sand in the jerky, irrational way that wind-up toys do. Although he looks harmless enough, three or four tanks appear behind him, apparently trying to do him in. The robot has no trouble eluding them at first since neither he nor the tanks, being wind-up toys, possess any motor control at all (at one point one of the tanks' turrets starts spinning mildly in manic monotonous circles, possibly a victim of sunstroke), they circle each other in dizzy indecision until one of the tanks accidentally rams into the robot, who topples over on his back, defeated, although his legs continue to kick since he hasn't completely unwound yet.

The above must have had something to do with the plot of the **ASTRO ZOMBIES**, since that was the scene that opened the movie. I never did figure out the connection between the sandbox battle and the rest of the plot–which consisted, according to a press release on the film and my memory–of a berserk **ASTRO SPACE CENTER** dropout (John Carradine) who, with the assistance of a berserk hunchback named Franchot (William Bagdad), is busily assembling berserk 'human transplants' (**ASTRO ZOMBIES**) and being pursued by berserk CIA men (Wendell Corey and Tom Pace) as well as berserk agents of a foreign power (Tura Satanna and Rafael Campos). Carradine's scenes are actually one long scene (in which he throws together an Astro Zombie or two while delivering a long, garbled, pseudo-scientific rap to Franchot, who doesn't appear to understand English) spliced into the film at various stages to integrate it with the rest of the action. Most of Wendell Corey's segments take place in a "CIA office" (although the whole film seems to have been shot in and around a cheap motel) where he delivers a long, garbled, pseudo-serious rap to his ever-grinning assistant, who doesn't appear to understand anything. Eventually the CIA agents and the seedy agents of the unnamed foreign power (which, with a little mental detective work, can be figured out to be Tijuana) tangle outside the motel and several people get shot–although not nearly enough of them to improve the film to any discernible degree.

The highlight of the **ASTRO ZOMBIES**, outside of the opening sequence, occurs when the berserk Astro Zombie (Rod Wilmoth) runs through the streets in search of a woman (he's been in that basement lab a long time, remember). After laying on a lab slab for so long, this sudden activity begins to put a strain on his batteries and he starts to run down, lurching from side to side, until he recharges by pressing a flashlight against his skull mask! He eventually **does** find a woman, but she doesn't like **him** any more than the CIA does.

As the press releases for this forgotten classic point out: "Originally conceived before the first heart transplant even took place, the thrill-laden chiller goes one step beyond in that it also deals with brain transplants." Like most projects that are too far ahead of their time, the **ASTRO ZOMBIES** was greeted with a dash of scorn, a pinch of ridicule, and countless tons of disinterest. To this day, more than four years after the birth and untimely demise of the **ASTRO ZOMBIES**, its producer-director-screenwriter T. V. Mikels still dwells, in parts unknown, in relative obscurity. Such is the price the pioneer must pay for his daring and courage!

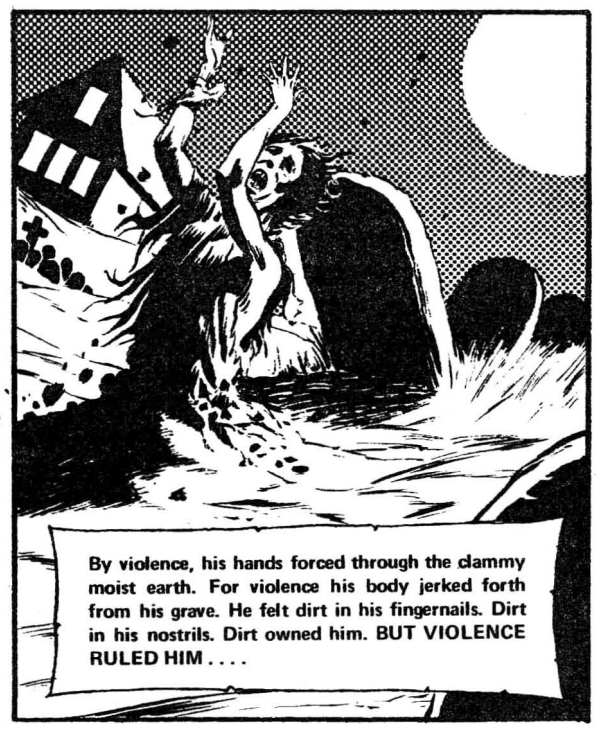
But the press release sums it up best when it points to the **ASTRO ZOMBIES** and says simply but eloquently:

"See it and you die a thousand deaths." ■

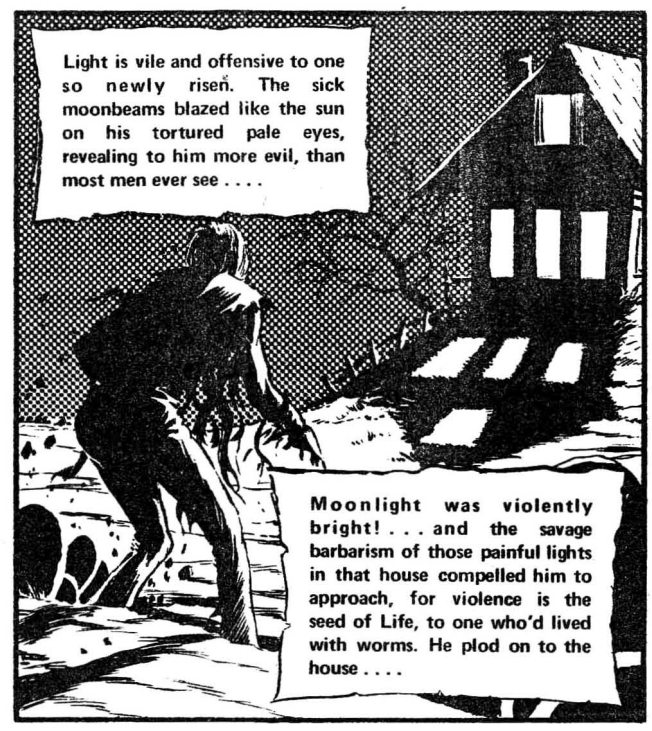
"Which way to the orgy of senseless killing?" asks this ASTRO ZOMBIE, banging on the motel set's screen-door after recharging his head with a flashlight.

And the Dead shall walk...!

IN VIOLENCE IS THE SEED OF THE WILL TO SURVIVE!

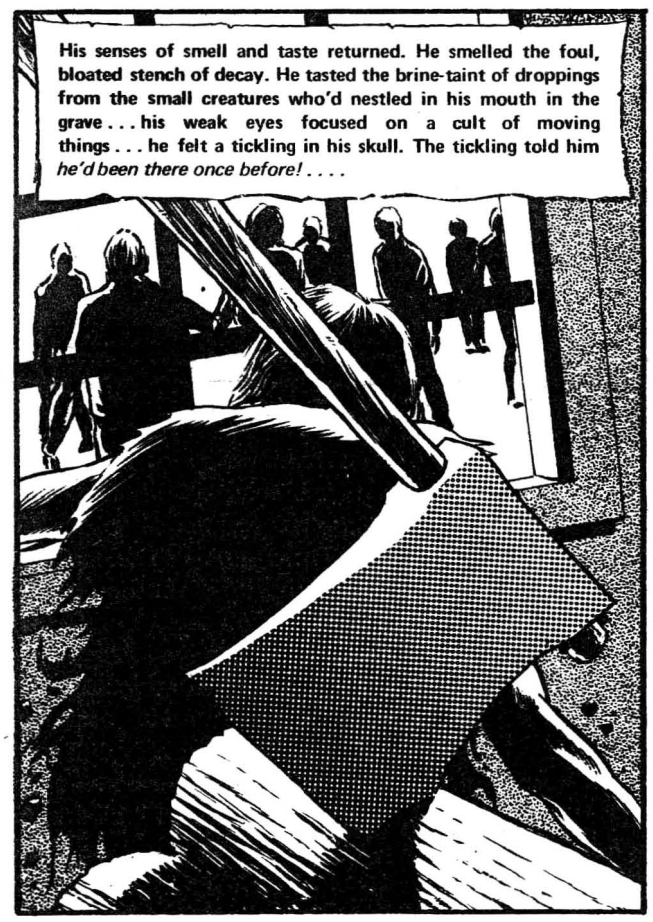


By violence, his hands forced through the clammy moist earth. For violence his body jerked forth from his grave. He felt dirt in his fingernails. Dirt in his nostrils. Dirt owned him. BUT VIOLENCE RULED HIM . . . .

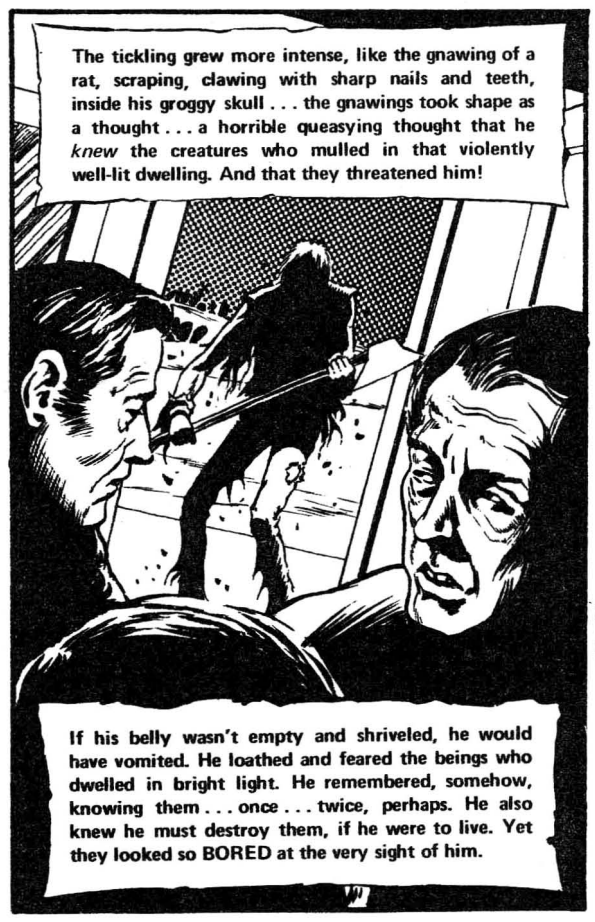


Light is vile and offensive to one so newly risen. The sick moonbeams blazed like the sun on his tortured pale eyes, revealing to him more evil, than most men ever see . . . .

Moonlight was violently bright! . . . and the savage barbarism of those painful lights in that house compelled him to approach, for violence is the seed of Life, to one who'd lived with worms. He plod on to the house . . . .



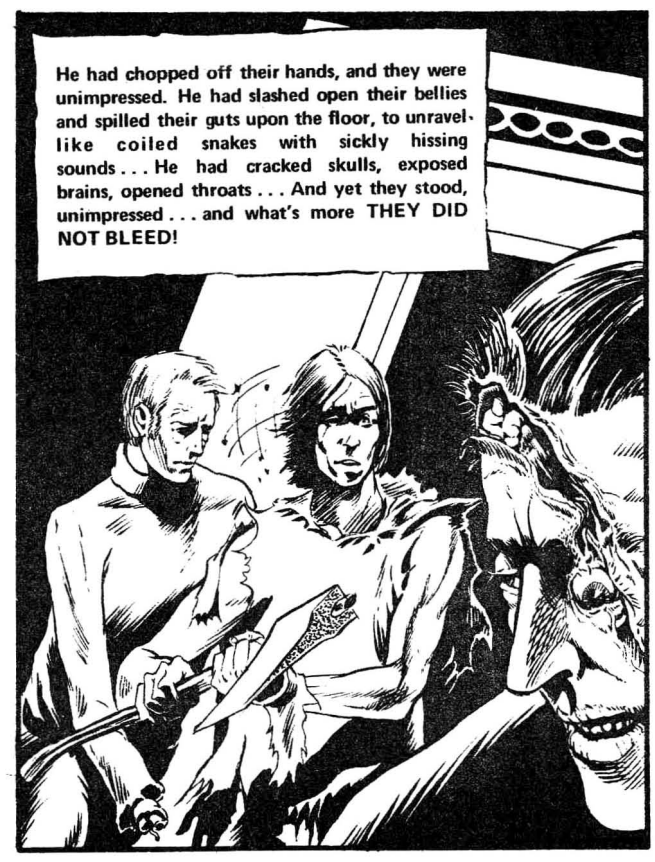
His senses of smell and taste returned. He smelled the foul, bloated stench of decay. He tasted the brine-taint of droppings from the small creatures who'd nestled in his mouth in the grave . . . his weak eyes focused on a cult of moving things . . . he felt a tickling in his skull. The tickling told him *he'd been there once before!* . . . .



The tickling grew more intense, like the gnawing of a rat, scraping, clawing with sharp nails and teeth, inside his groggy skull . . . the gnawings took shape as a thought . . . a horrible queasying thought that he *knew* the creatures who mulled in that violently well-lit dwelling. And that they threatened him!

If his belly wasn't empty and shriveled, he would have vomited. He loathed and feared the beings who dwelled in bright light. He remembered, somehow, knowing them . . . once . . . twice, perhaps. He also knew he must destroy them, if he were to live. Yet they looked so BORED at the very sight of him.

He slashed the axe in arcs of ferocity . . . it seemed to him his violence was life only to himself . . . to THEM, it was a change in the way things happen to be . . . .



He had chopped off their hands, and they were unimpressed. He had slashed open their bellies and spilled their guts upon the floor, to unravel like coiled snakes with sickly hissing sounds . . . He had cracked skulls, exposed brains, opened throats . . . And yet they stood, unimpressed . . . and what's more THEY DID NOT BLEED!

His own hands were aching. Skin was rubbed raw, blistered. Tricklings of his blood seeped down the axe handle. *They* moved in closer to him. Calmly. Surely. Without violence. Again he hefted high his axe . . . .

One of Them assumed leadership and spoke to him as one might speak to a child . . . "We're very disappointed in you . . . you don't learn. You don't change . . . you can't see things our way. We're trying to help you along, but you fight us each step of the way . . . Maybe next time . . ."

And so they hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him back, those ones that would not bleed . . . who could not bleed . . . they carried him down the hillslope, The incline made blood run to his head . . . made his eyes bulge . . . made him dizzy . . . All his senses were working, now: sight, hearing, thought, taste, smell. . . He was alive . . . AND TO BE BURIED ALIVE! AGAIN!

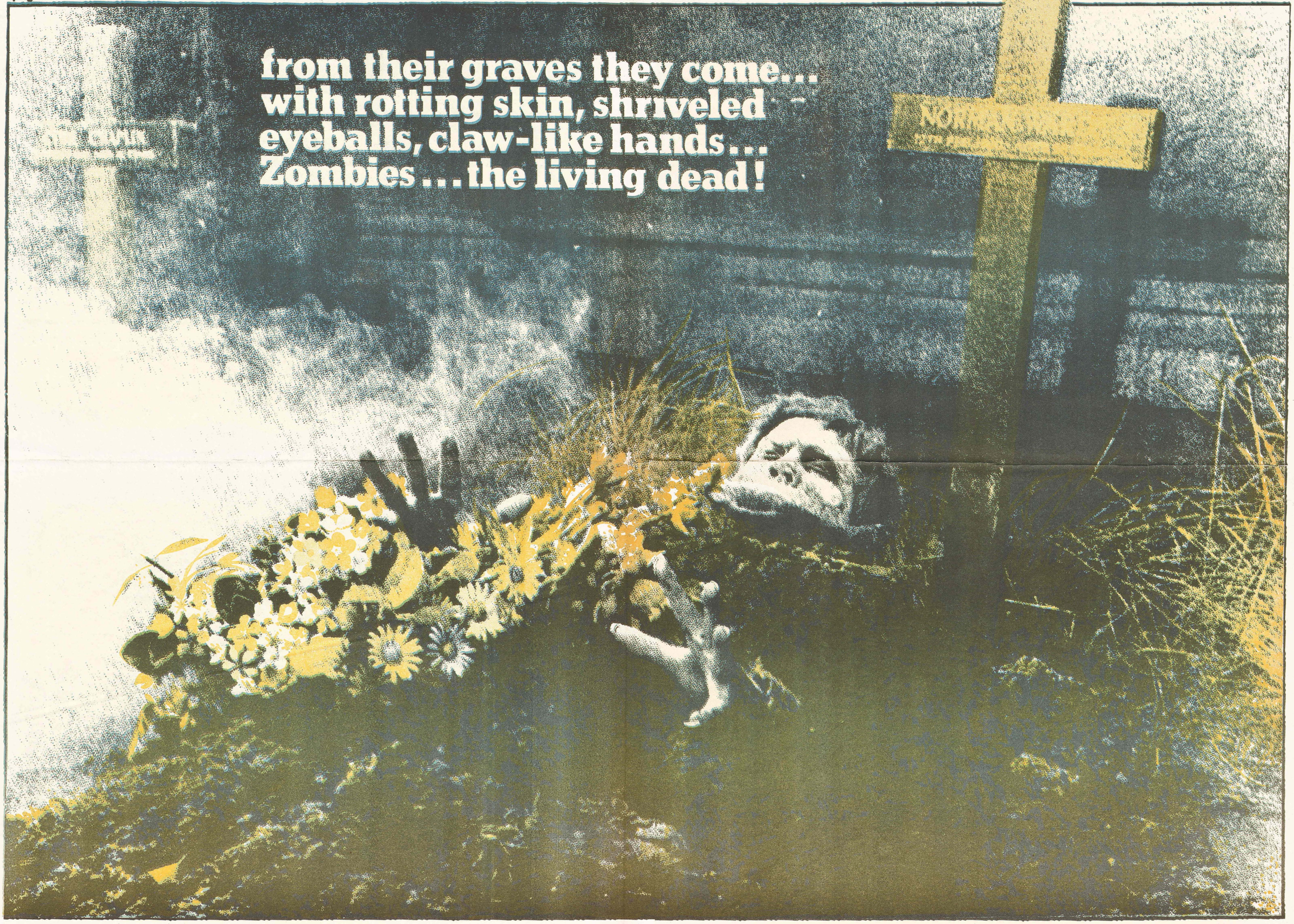
They had poured cool, moist earth on him. It felt heavy and it felt comforting. They had courteously given him a new grave . . . and now, as he drifted into semi-consciousness, he heard the last pad-pad-padding of their fading footsteps . . . The chush-clink-chushing of their shovels ceased . . . He was alive.

Would they be ready for him the next time? He wondered. Did they even care about him? He knew that once he regained his strength, he, The One Who Could Bleed, would again force himself from his grave . . . If he could ONLY muster up enough VIOLENCE . . . Just enough . . .

It would take time, of course. By then, the Ones Who Could Not Bleed would have sewn up their wounds, clamped together their gashed-open skins . . . returned their eyes to their sockets and their limbs to their bodies . . . perhaps by the next time he escaped from his grave, he, too, would be just like them . . . Perhaps then, he, too, WOULD NOT BLEED! . . . He hoped so . . . He violently hoped so.

—Story by Chuck McNaugton, Art by Dan Green.

DAN GREEN 72


from their graves they come...
with rotting skin, shriveled
eyeballs, claw-like hands...
Zombies...the living dead!

the Monster Times Teletype

. . . is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire info to you; reviews, previews, scoops on horror films in production, newsworthy monster curiosities, bulletins, and other grues-flashes. There are several contributors to our hodge-podge Teletype page . . . BILL FERET, our man in Show Biz (he's a professional actor, singer, dancer with the impressive resume list of stage, film and TV credits to his name), makes use of his vast professional experiences and leads to Feret-out items of interest to monster fans, and duly report on them in his flashing Walter-Wind-chill manner.

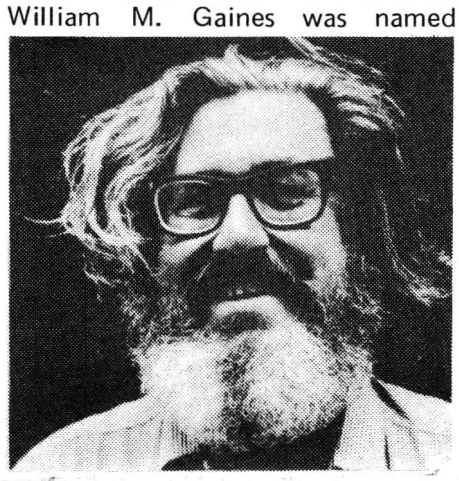
Envision **STAR TREK** with music. Well maybe not precisely that, but close. Peter Hall, who just finished a directorial chore on Harold Pinter's play, **OLD TIMES**, will direct a new musical for Broadway entitled **VIA GALACTICA**. It's written by Galt MacDermott who wrote **HAIR** and **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**, and Christopher Gore. (Gore?) It takes place in the much distant future, when the entire solar system has been colonized, and a group if inhabitants from a tiny, unimportant planet wish to explore new horizons. It's an ambitious venture but MacDermott's pulled off some miracles before. Rehearsals start in July.

Co-starring with Ray Milland in AIP's **FROGS** are Judy Pace, Nicky Cortland, and . . . three water moccasins, four rattlesnakes, nine tarantulas, an 11-inch centipede and several black scorpions, plus a brooding moss-covered plantation.

A British film company is planning another "new" musical version of Lewis Carroll's **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**. That makes 4 or 5 screen adaptations, a few of which were masterpieces. Methinks it might be "Alas, in Wonderland."

There is another remake of Jules Verne's **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, being shot in the Canary Islands with Omar Shariff as its star. We just had a splendid production a few years ago, starring not only Michael Callan and Herbert Lom, but Harryhausen creations as well. So where's the mystery?

COMIX CORONER: All MONSTER TIMES READERS should know William M. Gaines, who published those great horrific EC ghoul and sci-fi comix of the early 1950's which were run out of business by the pantywaist Comics Code Authority. Well, Mr. Gaines went on to publish MAD magazine and prosper profoundly. You can't argue with success, and so last week William M. Gaines was named



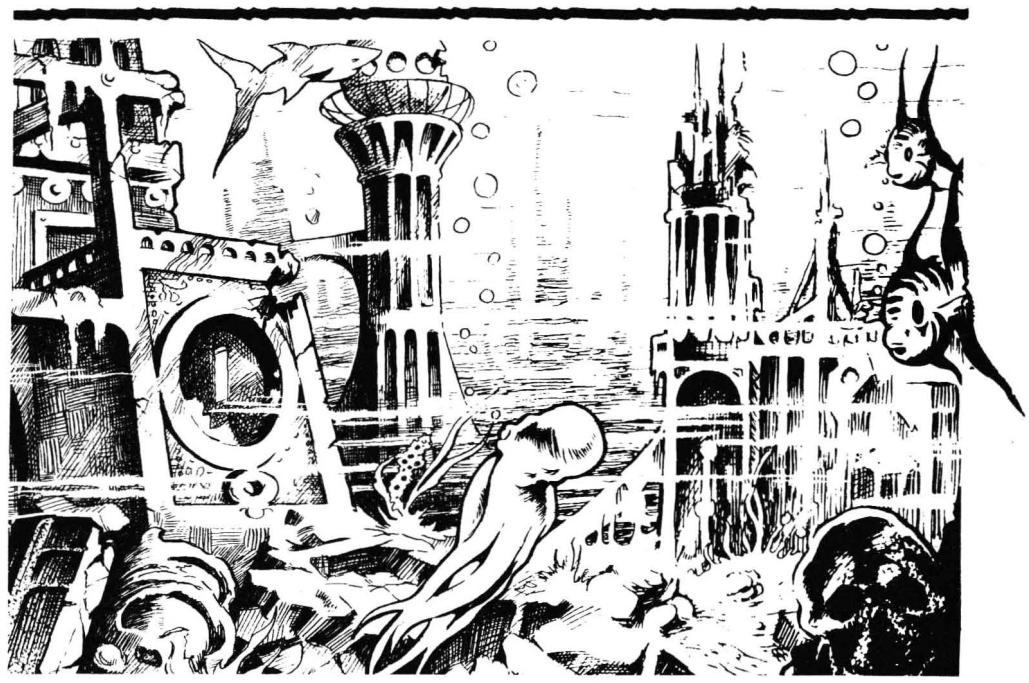
editorial director of the DC Superman group . . . one of the most wholesome comix outfits this side of Casper the Ghost. We expect cryptsful of horrifically great changes to be made by DC in the future, and wish success for the EC horror comix adaptation film currently out, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Congratulations, MONSTER TIMES subscriber, William M. Gaines!*

An Italian company is releasing film with the "mysterious" title, **SLAP THE MONSTER ON PAGE ONE**. That can be read a few different ways.

A Black Magic opus is lensing now in London called **LUCIFER RISING**, directed by underground film-maker Kenneth Anger. Marianne Faithful is starred and Jimmy Page of the Led Zeppelin is supplying the score.

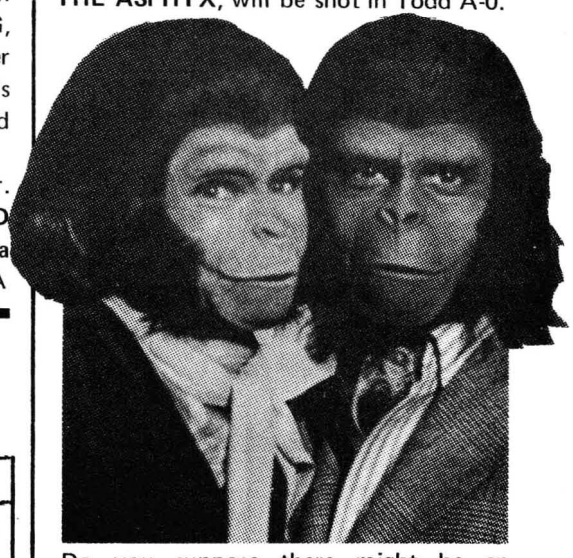
Veteran Horror actor, Elisha Cook, Jr. (Most notably **HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL**) has been put into AIP's **Blacula** currently filming on location in LA

Bill Gaines: from EC to DC!



In issue #5 we talked about Esquire magazine jumping on the monster bandwagon, with their Superheroes of the 70's. Latest publication to get hip is **CRAWDADDY** magazine, and their new comic strip, **TALES OF LOST ATLANTIS**, alledgedly based on the mystical writings of Edgar Cayce. If you aren't up on your mystics, Edgar Cayce was "The Sleeping Prophet," who went into trances, told people they could cure themselves through folk medicine methods, foretold the sinking of California into the sea (California sank, as you know, sometime in 1968, just as Mr. Cayce predicted). He slept with a book under his pillow every evening, and each morning he'd wake up and the book's contents would be "absorbed." Or so he said. Without doubt the hillbilly song "Send me the Pillow that You Dream On," was inspired by Mr. Cayce, the Sleeping Prophet. We feel that the rock tune by the lamentably disbanded **CREAM** called **"Tales of Lost Atlantis"** helped inspire the producers of the **CRAWDADDY** comic strip, **Mike Olshan**, author, and **Frank Brunner**, artist. Both Mike and Frank are contributors to **THE MONSTER TIMES**, and their work will be appearing quite soon.

Both **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES** and the suspense-chiller **THE ASPHYX**, will be shot in Todd A-0.



Do you suppose there might be an **ATTACK OF THE CONQUEST BENEATH THE ESCAPE OF THE REVENGE OF THE SON OF THE PLANET OF THE APES REVISITED AGAIN?**

Keep your pointed little ears perked to *WHBI, 105.9* on your FM radio dial, 3 AM Tuesdays, for the Hour or Frankenstein (our name for competing monster-pub publisher, Calvin Beck's new hour-long weekly Monsteradio show). Calvin raps about horror, sci-fic, comix, and all other aspects of this monstous century's popular arts renaissance. We're giving a plug to the competition, because THE MONSTER TIMES editors have been invited to attend, soon.

CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
APRIL 9, MAY 14	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	$1.00 (10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
JUNE 9-11 FRI., SAT., SUN.	PULP-CON ED. WESSEL BOX 15853, OVERLAND BRANCH ST. LOUIS, MO. 63114	COLONY HOTEL 7730 BON HOMME Clayton, Mo.	$2—Sprt. $4—Advnc. $6—At Door	PULPS & AUTHORS Philip Jose Farmer Edmond Hamilton & others.
JULY 1-5 SAT. THRU WED.	NEW YORK COMICON PHIL SEULING 2883 W. 12 B'KLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST & 7th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	Info. Not Available Write Con.	Meet Comic Book and Comic Strip Artists, and THOUSANDS of Fans Like Yourself for 5 DAYS!
May 26-29 FRI, SAT, SUN & MON	E.C. FAN-ADDICT CONVENTION 2623 Silver Court East Meadow, N.Y. 11554	HOTEL McALPIN Broadway & 34th Street New York City	Various Prices Write Con For More Information	THE GREATEST HORROR COMIX OF ALL TIME

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of quaintly curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions," and the zealots, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it. Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why) or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comics science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of those conventions. We dare ya!

COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN, but nonetheless dismissed it as faring far below the quality of the best of the Universal Frankenstein epics. Having seen it again recently, I must admit I have completely re-evaluated it.

I didn't catch and now cannot subsequently discover, who directed it, but whoever he be, he be a genius. There was a scene where Bela Lugosi as Dracula, bites the neck of Lenore Aubert and not only do we see the Count teething her throat, but by the use of a cleverly-placed mirror behind them, we are treated to the sight of Miss Aubert's ecstatic expression of horror and loathing, all at the same time!

In the dungeon scenes, for a piece of superb atmosphere, we see a grate in the stone floor, from which billows of serpentine steam and mist are continuously spewing, as well as a hellish luminescence which is the basic lighting for the entire set.

When our heroes are backed against a wall in terror, there are the shadows of gratings and bars projected over them and the entire wall, adding to the trapped feeling of the dungeon. Even here, all the bricks in the wall are very small and crumbling, as opposed to the oversized cinder-block type which have been used again and again. Overall there are masterful uses of lighting and effects; the werewolf's transformations, the grotesque over-hung swamp and in the castle corridor scenes, which sported some marvelously gothic and ornate furnishings . . . yes, in **ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN!**

The next time you catch this little masterpiece on TV (probably for the umpteenth time), don't look at what's going on in front of you, but what's going on in back of them.

MT subscriber Jack Biederman sends in the following Jewish Vampire Joke of the Month:

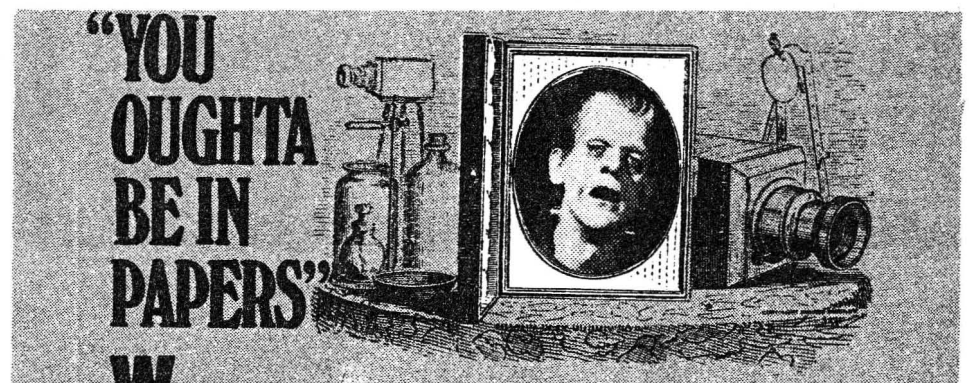
At a crowded Vampire convention at New York's Statler Hilton, last autumn, an Israeli vampire was forced to share a room with an Irish vampire. It had been a long night of conventioneering, and dawn was creeping forth, so the two vampires returned to their suite, the Jewish vampire first. When the Irish vamp entered the room, his roommate was already sacked out in a coffin, but moaning low with more of a pitiful tone than an ominous one:

"Oooooy! am I thirsty!" he moaned, "Oooooy am I thirsty!"

"In th' name o' the snakes St. Patrick chased from the Emerald Isle!" gasped the Irish Vampire, "I'll get something for ye, pore soul!" At which he pulled a hip-flask of blood from his cape, and opened it. "Here, take this, lad, it's my own private stock, tapped from a fine Irish patrolman!"

The Israeli vampire drank up, and sank back into his coffin. The Irish vampire climbed into his own, and prepared to have a good day's sleep. Then from the Israeli vampire's coffin came the same, low, pitiful moan . . . "Ooooh! Was I thirsty! Ohhhy was I thirstyyyy!"

"Hello? Maternity Hospital? Do you deliver?"



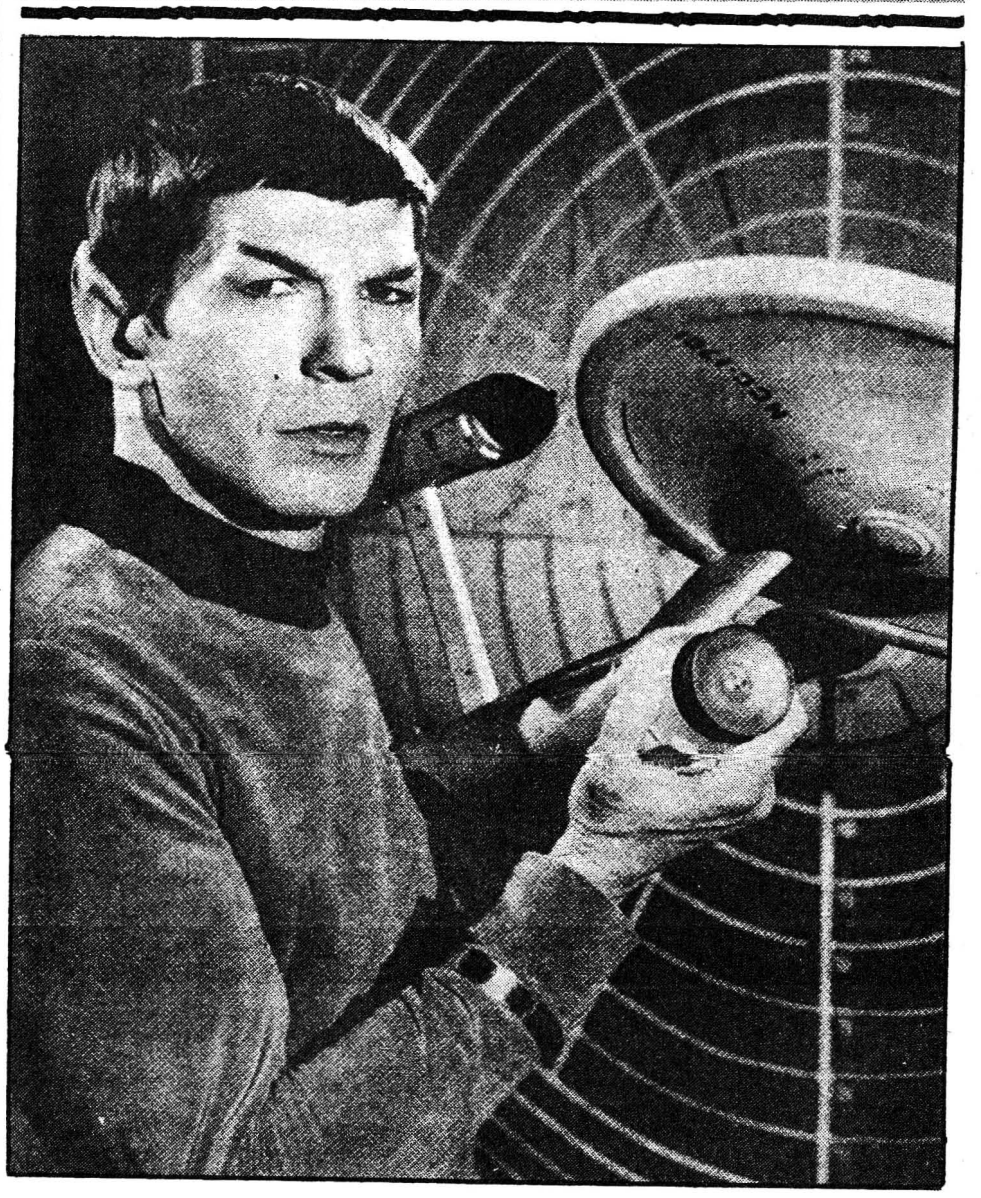
"YOU OUGHTA BE IN PAPERS"

We're instituting an Inquiring Photographer column, Very Soon. We don't know what to call it, probably something like The Inquiring Poe-tographer, The Photographing Inquirer, Monster in the Street, Fearful Fotos, or something ridiculous like that. But we need your help. Send us questions you would like to see asked of witty by unwitting fans and conventions and other ghoulish gathering plots. Questions like "Which do you prefer, Japanese or American monster films?" Or "Do you think monsters in TV commercials sell products?" Or "Do you know your hair is suddenly growing longer?" . . . well, we're sure you can do better than what we just did.

We'll credit each question used at the head of the column, and then ask that question of several people . . . and print their replies and photos.

Send your questions to PHOTOS COLUMN, THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York, 10011.

We'll pay $1.00 for each question used.



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ROGER CORMAN meets EDGAR ALLAN POE

PART THREE

BY JOE KANE

This is the last of the Poe/Corman series (bet you thought it'd never end!). Well, so thought most movie goers, in that far-off decade (the '60's) when Roger Corman's Poe-flix oozed across the world's movie screens, cleverly concealed half the time from critical eyes by the American-International Pix fog-machines.

To date, Roger Corman has stated he will never make another Edgar Allen Poe-based film. Which is good, judging by some of his worst . . . but considering his occasional masterpieces like HOUSE OF USHER (see ish No. 4), and MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH (covered in this article) it can be considered a shame. We'd sorta like to see Corrosive Mr. Corman make another Poe-pic . . . IF, that is, he'd do a good job. So there, Roger, old chum. THE MONSTER TIMES has thrown the gauntlet in your face with this series. Let's see you take up the challenge . . . and do (at least) ONE more GOOD horror pic based on old Edgar. OK?

"THE HAUNTED PALACE" (the story)

In the village of Arkham, in 1765, the uneasy villagers are aware of strange goings-on at the mansion of Joseph Curwen (VINCENT PRICE). They follow a girl to the Curwen house where she becomes the subject of strange, rites performed by Curwen. He is a warlock (male witch) who imprisons young girls and leaves them to the mercies of strange creatures from the nether world.

The irate villagers watch and when they hear the young girl's scream, they question him and his woman, Hester Tillinghast (CATHY MERCHANT). The villagers burn him as a witch. Curwen vows that he will rise from the dead and curses the villagers, their children and their children's children.

100 years later, a ship visits Arkham and debarks, Charles Dexter Ward (VINCENT PRICE) and his wife Ann (DEBRA PAGET). Ward bears a striking resemblance to Curwen, his ancestor. The townspeople are convinced that Curwen's curse has been fulfilled and that he has returned from the dead. Only Dr. Willet (FRANK MAXWELL) helps the Wards to find their way to the Curwen "palace" and on their way they encounter strangely deformed children.

At the old mansion, they discover a portrait of Joseph Curwen and notice its resemblance to Ward. They meet Simon Orne (LON CHANEY) the caretaker, who seems familiar to Ward. When Ward looks again at the Curwen portrait, a change comes over him and his personality and appearance change to resemble his warlock ancestor.

Ward is waging a battle against the supernatural. influence of his ancestor who seeks to take over his body, fulfill his curse and resume the evil ceremonies with the nether world. Orne and another man who mysteriously appears. Jabez Hutchinson (MILTON PARSONS), are the warlock assistants of Curwen who have been awaiting his return. The strange sacrificial ceremonies are mating rites seeking to unite humans with the evil creatures from beyond who seek to rule the world. The deformed persons seen in the village are the dual results of these ceremonies and Curwen's curse.

One night, while Curwen has taken over Ward, he unearths the coffin of Hester Tillinghast and invokes evil powers to bring her back to life. Ann tries to help her husband fight off his ancestor with Dr. Willett, but to no avail. A series of strange deaths, all by burning, of the descendants of the men who burned Curwen over a hundred years ago arouses the villagers of Arkham.

Dr. Willett seeks to help Ann. They are surprised by Ward, completely taken over by Curwen. Curwen prepares to sacrifice Ann in the mating ceremony of the weird creature. Outside, the angry villagers storm the mansion and set it afire, destroying the Curwen painting. At this point Ward momentarily regains his self, rescues Ann, and assisted by Dr. Willett they escape from the burning house. As the "haunted palace" burns to the ground, destroying everything within, we see Ann and Ward, watching and realize that a change has taken place . . . their resemblance is more to Curwen and Hester!

The first of the films of this period, The Haunted Palace (1963), was actually a hybrid of Poe's story of the same name and H.P. Lovecraft's short story, "Charles Dexter Ward." Distributors of the film reportedly balked when Corman insisted that Lovecraft receive a screen credit, fearing it would detract from Poe's magic boxoffice appeal, but Roger won out. Again Corman and crew were stricken by the financial plague spread by AIP execs and their perenially frightened accountants, but Corman is nothing if not dogged, and he managed to make this film a marked improvement over most of the prior entries in the series.

The atmosphere of **THE HAUNTED PALACE** is properly and vividly cold, damp, and misty, with flights through stone passeageways and foggy village streets captured on Corman's celluloid canvas in eerie, vivid detail. Once again, and this is one of Roger's strongest virtues, he succeeds in making all these standard props and effects seem new

Roger Corman brought an additional four Poe adaptations to the screen before packing in "poor Poe" (as Karloff referred to the oft-purloined poet) to embark on more modern bad trips like **THE WILD ANGELS, THE TRIP, BLOODY MAMA,** and **GASSSS.** The final four films of the series were **THE HAUNTED PALACE, MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, TOMB OF LIGEIA,** and **THE OBLONG BOX** and it was during this period that Corman managed to transplant Poe from prose to pictures in a manner which the master deserved. Without question, the masterpiece of this quartet and of all the Poe films was the masterful **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH,** whose rich, decadent beauty, minus the low-key excesses of the previous outings, was the most fruitful work to emerge from Corman-Poe's posthumous partnership.

THE Haunted PALACE

again. The deformed inhabitants of the doomed New England village are also a frightening sight: half-blank, fleshed-over faces glimpsed wandering eerily and aimlessly through, staring hypnotically through mists that reek of evil and death. Price handles his role with admirable and effective restraint this time and the ending leaves you wondering whether he has regained his original identity of Charles Dexter Ward or not since, at the very close of the film, he still bears a remarkable resemblance to Curwen, the Arkham warlock of yore whose curse had fallen upon his head. Price does a good job with both roles.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH was Corman's first British film, again starring Price but with a supporting cast composed entirely of talented Britons. Daniel Haller's stunning sets brilliantly record the brightly colored rooms described in such loving detail by Poe in his story. Corman equally delights in taking his audience on a terrifying tour of the doomed castle, moving his camera from room to room, from shimmering red to brilliant blue to the blackest of black chambers. There are outbursts of sudden savagery as the perverse, decadent nobles play out their last desperate hours in these chambers while the Red Death stalks its way to the castle, but these are not performed for cheap shock effect. When an evil duke, clad in an ape costume for the gala Masque Ball soon to become the playground of the plague, is burned alive by a vengeful dwarf, the terror lies in the grotesquerie of the act itself and not in any Grand Guignol gore effects.

The film has an eerily elusive quality about it that makes it more than a good horror film. Corman himself once remarked that it was not his goal to show evil triumph over good, or vice versa, but to record Poe's own haunting ambiguity

STaRE into this face
.....AND COUNT IF YOU CAN THE ORGIES OF EVIL!
...somewhere among the squirming, teeming terrors in this orgy of evil ... is the thing, whose vile desire she must obey... or those she loves will scream out their lives on a bloodstained altar of horror!
THE Masque OF THE RED DEATH

This mind-bending mask was used in the poster art, as well as made into a give-away at matinees, for those who might confuse MASQUE (which means masquerade ball) with "mask," ... Vincent Price sure had a MASQUE on his mask!

and let drama of death and desperation unfold on its own terms. With sure and steady dialogue provided by screenwriters Charles Beaumont and R. Wright Campbell, and a sturdy acting job turned in by Vincent Price, **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** involves the audience immediately and takes it for one of the most bizarre and hauntingly beautiful rides it is ever likely to enjoy. The climax is almost as frantic as the freak-out scene in the British classic **DEAD OF NIGHT.**

After the Red Death spreads its plague-ridden veil of destruction over the last of the terrified Masque Ball dancers, he pursues Prince Prospero himself who sees, behind the discarded mask of the Red Death, his own face. It is at the climax that the film really takes off, with a carefully-choreographed spastic ballet of the plague-stricken dancers, a gathering of other "Deaths", similar to the hooded figure but cloaked in various colors that match those of Prospero's chambers, and the final migration of this group of Deaths who, after reporting the results of their deadly missions, walk off together through the mists. The Red Death then is seen disclosed to be only one of many messengers of destruction, stalking the countryside with the grim determination of the damned.

"MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH" (the story)

Prince Prospero (Vincent Price), a man of Satan and a tyrannical power in the land, encounters murmurs of rebellion from the villagers when he rides amongst them to invite them to eat the scraps from his table at a special end-of-harvesting feast which he is holding for his nobleman friends.

Gino (David Weston) and Ludovico (Nigel Green), encouraged by an old woman's prophecy that the day of their deliverance is at hand, stand defiantly before Prospero, who furiously orders their imprisonment. When Francesca (Jane Asher), a beautiful young girl, pleads for their release, she is asked to settle their fate. One man must die; is it to be Gino, the man she loves, or Ludovico, her father?

The moment of decision is delayed when Prospero sees evidence of the dreadful Red Death in the village, and orders that all dwelling houses in the area be burnt to the ground. He dispatches his couriers to the castles of the other noblemen who have been invited to his Masque Ball—with instructions that they avoid the infected village.

He retreats to his castle, a fortress against the Red Death with his companion, Alfredo (Patrick Magee), his guards, and the three prisoners, whose struggles for survival, he hopes, will provide some entertainment.

While the two men are flung into dungeons, Francesca is given jewels and gowns, and instructed in the ways of the Court by Juliana (Hazel Court), Prospero's companion. She is taken into his confidence, and shown the dark workings of his mind, tortuously intent on evil, as a follower of Satan.

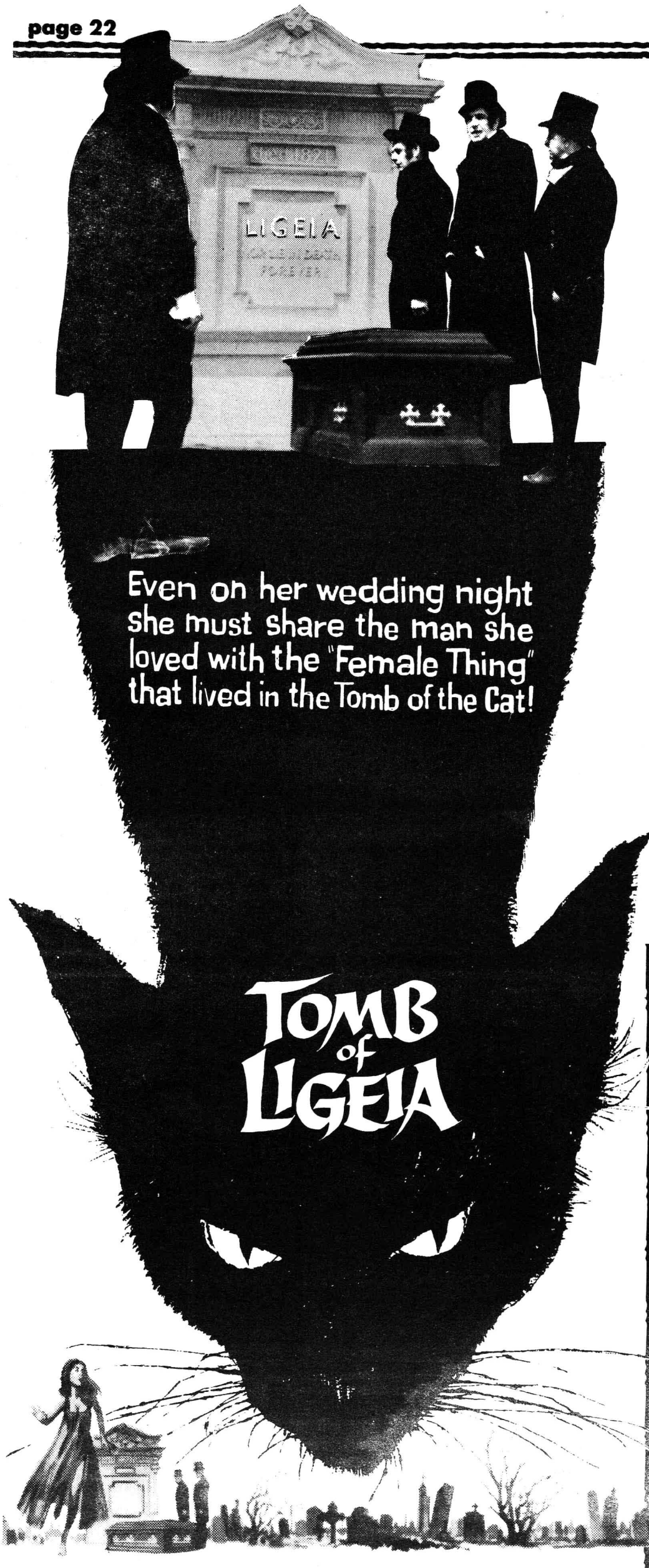
Gino and Ludovico are brought before the assembled guests in the banqueting hall to provide amusement. Each is ordered to cut himself with daggers, one of which is tipped with poison. Ludovico lunges swiftly by Prospero who impales him on his sword. Gino is freed—but only to return to his village where the Red Death is rampant. But he promises to come back and rescue Francesca.

Juliana calls on all the evil spirits to give her strength stemming from total understanding, and triumphantly announces that she has survived her own sacrifice. Elated, she faces the slow swinging pendulum of the dimly-lit clock, from the recesses of which she hears a hollow, echoing voice. The glass shatters, and a scimitar-like blade thrusts hard at her crumpled body, as midnight strikes the hour.

Unperturbed by her death, Prospero assembles his guests for the commencement of the Masque Ball; a Ball which is transformed into a Dance of Death as an uninvited guest, a man in red, passes amongst the revellers.

As death comes to the corrupted, the dancing is transformed into a surrealistic waltz to hell and Prospero, Prince of Evil, meets his Satan, as Gino and Francesca are re-united.

Hazel Court courted by bloody RED DEATH plague ...


LIGEIA
Even on her wedding night she must share the man she loved with the "Female Thing" that lived in the Tomb of the Cat!
TOMB of LIGEIA
CAT or WOMAN
or a thing too evil to mention?
listen for the SCREAM in the night
look into the eyes of the creature who rules the land of the living dead!

". . . A crawling shape . . . a blood-red thing that writhes . . . vermin . . . fangs in human gore inbued!"

THE TOMB OF LIGEIA was considered by many as a slight step down from **MASQUE.** Missing the epic scope and unique mood of Masque, **TOMB** was still one of the best of the Corman-Poe collaborations. Intense and imaginative, it spins an intriguing web of ghostly confrontations, grand holocausts, and the usually cryptic capers, but all threads are woven tightly and expertly, and the revived corpse of Poe's tale is given fresh fascinating life. Corman's second British film, the **TOMB OF LIGEIA** features sets constructed by Britisher Colin Southcott, who contrasts the gray shades of an old abbey where the film was shot with the yellows and blues of the interior of the old house and the greens and reds of the fields where the hunting scenes take place. The overall effect is one of rich contrasts and one that adds tremendously to the macabre atmosphere of the film.

THE OBLONG BOX, Corman's final entry in the Poe series, signalled a return to sensationalism and the abandonment of many of the subtler aspects that made the **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** and the **TOMB OF LIGEIA** so effective. With voodoo rites, human sacrifices and a series of violent murders, all mixed into a melodramatic re-working of Poe's original material, the film manages to sustain the higher production values that Corman was able to maintain throughout the British-based Poe films but fails to evoke either Edgar Allan or even a genuine sense of Hollywood or Hammer horror. Maybe Corman realized that he was losing the Poe touch he had struggled so hard to achieve, and so gave up trying to graft the master to the screen. At any rate, **THE OBLONG BOX** was not the impressive farewell that the **TOMB OF LIGEIA** would have been.

According to someone who worked for him, Corman has pretty much despaired of bringing even minor works of filmic art to the screen. Unhappy at the reception his statement on American "youth culture" **(GASSSS)** received, Corman informed friends that he felt more comfortable turning out (in the role of producer this time) the less ambitious efforts associated with him during the early years of his career. For all his flaws and defects, Corman is still capable of turning out an occasional film of real merit (witness **THE INTRUDER**, his powerful drama of racial bigotry and the civil rights struggle down South – with William Shatner cast in the role of a power-crazed right-wing rabblerouser!) and, instead of turning his back on his audience, we would hope that he continue taking cinematic risks. Sometimes the payoffs are more lucrative than probably even he imagines. ■

"TOMB OF LIGEIA" (the story)

Verden Fell (VINCENT PRICE) is burying his deceased wife Ligeia in an English country churchyard in 1821 when the local parson protests that the ceremony should not take place because the woman was not a Christian. Fell counters that his wife will not rest 'because she is not dead' and he quotes her philosophy: 'Man need not kneel before the angels nor lie in death forever but for the weakness of his feeble will.'

Suddenly a black cat screeches and Ligeia's eyes open. Fell appears stunned but triumphant as he explains to the parson that the eye movement was merely muscular contraction.

A few months later as nearby residents of an affluent community are on a fox hunt, Lady Rowena Trevanion (ELIZABETH SHEPHERD) wanders from the hunt and fins herself staring unaccountably at the strange inscription on Ligeia's tombstone. A cat hisses, her horse panics and she is thrown. Simultaneously, the black-clad figure of Fell appears and Rowena faints.

Her hunting companion, Christopher Gough (JOHN WESTBROOK) reaches the spot, recognizes Fell as an old friend. Fell carries the injured Rowena to his home, a vast Gothic abbey. Rowena's father, Lord Trevanion (DEREK FRANCIS) comes in, holding the fox from the hunt which Fell reveals was Ligeia's pet. While they talk, the fox disapepars strangely but Fell explains that the cat has made off with it.

Some days later, Rowena visits Fell and as they are about to kiss the cat darts between them and scratches Rowena's face. Fell resolves to have the canine destroyed, but the cat lures Rowena to the bell tower of the abbey where she is nearly killed before Fell rescues her.

The pair grow closer and are married and after a honeymoon Fell absents himself from the abbey on the first night of their return and several strange events occur to frighten Rowena.

Subsequently other strange events occur as Fell expresses a wish to sell the abbey only to find this impossible since no death certificate for Ligeia can be found. In another odd development Fell hypnotizes Rowena who recites the words of Ligeia's philosophy of deathlessness while under the spell. Then, a curious Christopher reopens Ligeia's grave to discover only a wax effigy in the tomb.

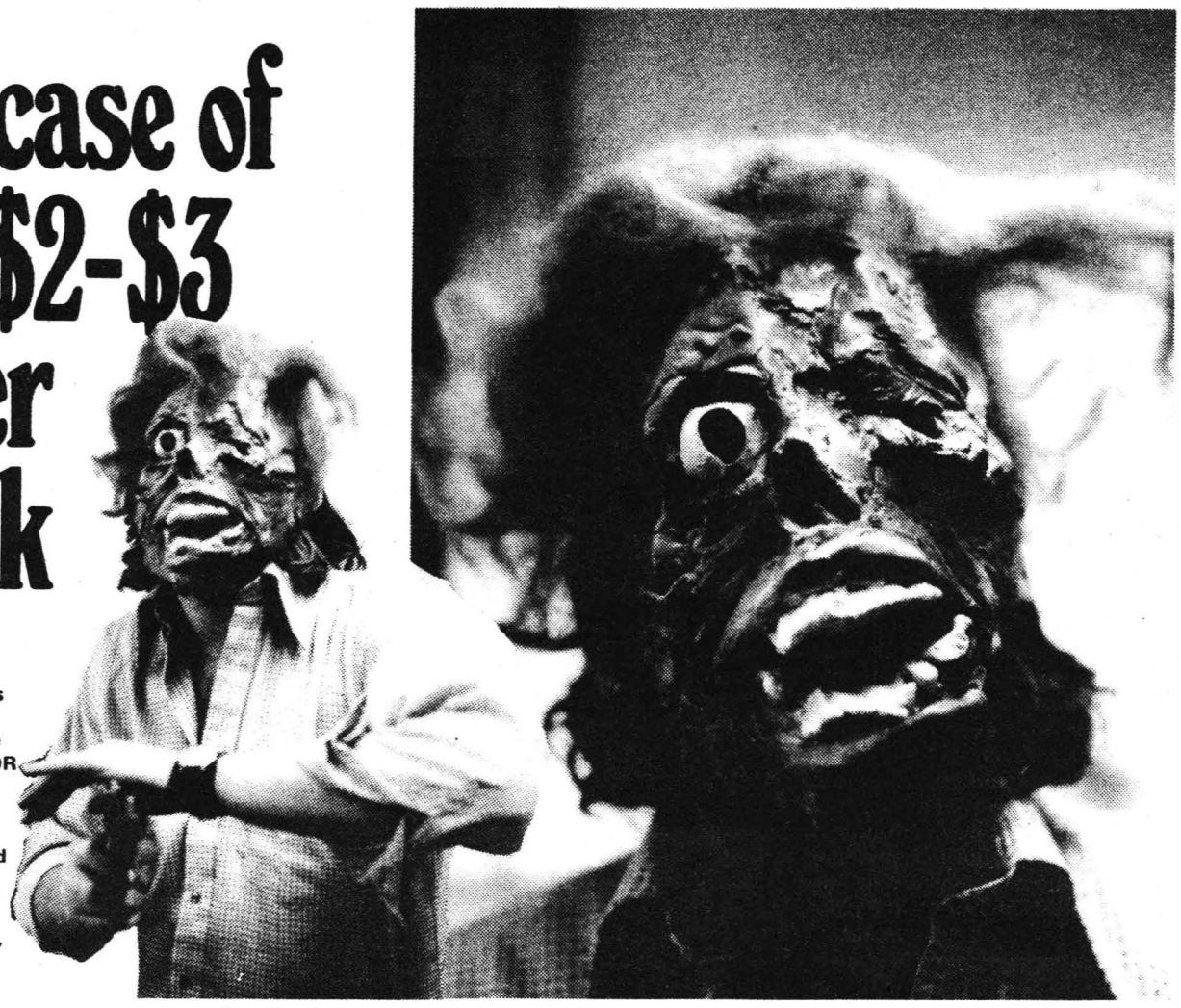
Finally, the horror struck Rowena smashes a mirror which reveals a hidden staircase which she climbs to find the solution to the mystery of the black cat and the strange abbey.

the Monster market

Grave-robbing may be out of style, but fan exploitation isn't. Monster fans deserve a reliable market-test to rely upon before sending money to all-too monstrous manufacturers. Therefore, to dull the fangs of some vampires of our industry, we at MT innovate The Monster Market to product test items, and report accurately on them – and about the bargains, too!

IMPORTANT! If we are really going to be able to keep the monster magnates in line, we'll need your help. Please write in and tell us of your experience in the monster market, whether it be good, bad or none of the above. Write to THE MONSTER TIMES, c/o The Monster-Market, P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.

The case of the $2-$3 super mask



"Fastest Gun in the Graveyard," is what we called MT's almighty publisher, Larry Brill, when he donned the HORROR ZOMBIE mask and weilded a cowboy capgun he found in an antique store, and walked into the Chase-Manhattan Bank. "I didn't know I was loaded," said Larry.

Larry's graveyard-green mask cost $2 at Horror House, altho they tried to get $3 . . . but as the mask wasn't advertised at $3, they let it go for $2, "As a favor." MT readers should make sure they also get the same "favor" as the June FOR MONSTERS ONLY advertises the mask at $2.

Product Tested: Zombie Mask

Available at: Horror House, 235 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003

Price: $3.00 plus 25c postage.

Yes, gang! You've seen zombies in the movies, read about zombies in books and magazines and comix and **THE MONSTER TIMES**. Now you, too can become a **HORROR ZOMBIE!**

HORROR ZOMBIE

The zombie walks again when you wear this mask of mystery. Made of heavy latex rubber. Grave-yard green skin, twisted teeth and black hair.

We've gotta admit, Horror House's zombie mask is pretty good, although it was a better buy a month ago, when they advertised it for sale at $2.00 instead of their new $3.00 price. Well, blame "The Economy" for that. Everybody does, y'know, these days.

The ad is a bit misleading, in a sort of positive way. It says the zombie mask has black hair. The hair is blue. Aha! A pleasant surprise, that! No one could possibly think the mask is your real face, with that there blue hair. So nobody would certainly try to do you in.

The hair is stitched into the rubber mask in one straight seam. The rest of the hair area is temporarily attached with what appears to be spray-lacquer. Pull it lightly, and it removes. We can forsee a day when all that will hold the hair onto the mask is that one seam.

It's not real hair, either . . . a sort of polyester fabric, resembling spun nylon or rayon. We took a lock of the hair and gave it the old flame test. It didn't burst into flames, but zimply crizzled up into a little ball of ash. Which is the safety feature, gang. If someone should accidentally set fire to the mask's hair while you have it on, the hair will just crinkle up into a knot of ash at the top of the mask and go out. You'll be moderately safe, having time to get it off your head. Or so we think.

Now don't go letting this information inspire you to start setting fire to people's heads (monsters or otherwise). Just because a person has a parachute doesn't mean he should go jumping off any tall buildings in a single bound.

If you get this mask, take care of it . . . and a special tip to the health-conscious, it is wise to rinse out the inside of the mask before putting it on your face. Who knows how long it was sitting around in the rubber factory, accumulating chemical dust? . . . or paint and lacquer fumes? . . . or polyester filaments? Hate to sound like the school nurse about this, folks, but what with all the problems people are having with tainted tuna and other edibles environmentally polluted, you just can't be too careful.

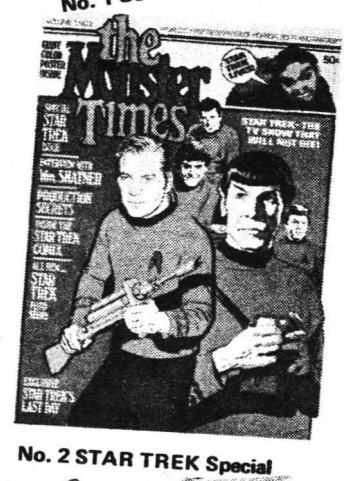
It's a fun and freakish-looking fright-mask, we assure you. But it's not permanent, and needs to be cleaned and groomed as any pet might.

It might be wise to cut a large hole in the recess indentation that suffices as the interior of the **HORROR ZOMBIE** mask's mouth. As the wrap-around mask fits snugly over the head, and the only holes for ventilation are two slits in the nose and two eye-holes, you might find yourself falling into zombie-like fits of unconsciousness for lack of oxygen from time to time. Might! that is.

With these simple precautions, and careful treatment of this zombie mask, you could have many hours of enjoyment with this **HORROR ZOMBIE** mask, running around and upsetting adults and other dull people.

■–C.M. Richards

No. 1 Collectors Edition



No. 2 STAR TREK Special

No. 3 Giant Bugs on the Munch!

No. 4 Bride of Frankenstein

TMT BACK ISSUE DEPT.

So many of you have been writing in for 'em, we've decided to start a special MONSTER TIMES BACK ISSUE SERVICE. Due to costs in postage and handling, all back issues cost $1.00 apiece, except for our rare collectors' prize, Issue No. 1 at $2.

Make Checks payable to:

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Enclosed is $____ for the back issues.

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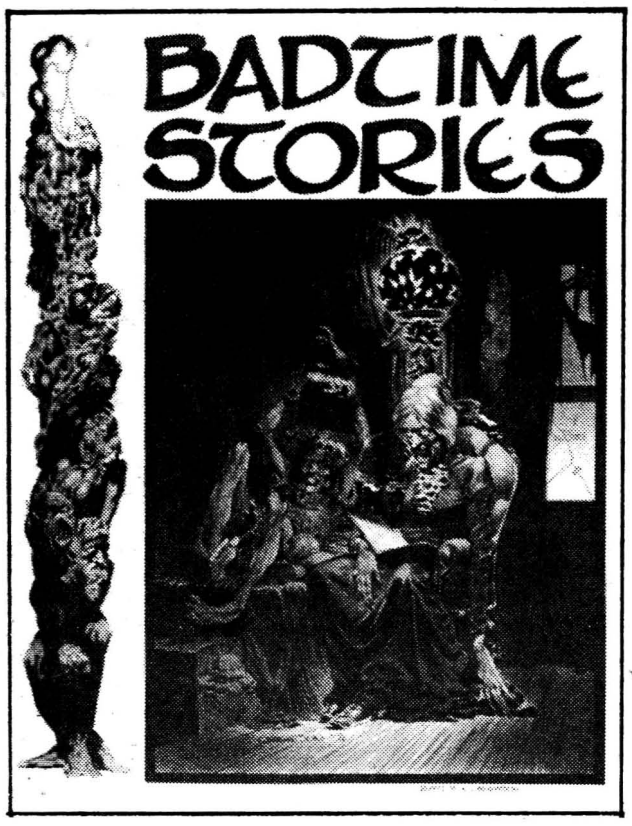


BADTIME STORIES by Berni Wrightson, Graphic Masters Publishers, 48 pages, available via mail order, $5.00 per copy.

When a comic book editor wants a horror comix script illustrated with a shiver-ish style, these days, the first name on his lips is Berni Wrightson. Berni's terrorific touch is so in demand, and so effective, that both of those giant comiconglomerates DC & Marvel use him to render their horror comic-zine covers as often as possible.

Even though he's just a couple of years past teen-hood (aged 23), Berni has had the honor of being the Boris Karloff-ian or Alfred Hitchcock-ian host to comic collections of horror, sci-fi stories in the DC line, drawing himself into splash panels, introducing the terror tales which are to follow. This is pretty rare in an industry where most comix artists and writers remain relatively anonymous, and unappreciated.

Now we have the first permanently-printed soft-cover slick paper collection of Berni Wrightson's own BADTIME STORIES.

Not only is Berni's work mysterious, it manicly shifts from mood to mood with each story . . . and each story is drawn in a different media, black ink, or tone board, or painted grey wash, etc. as if each story were culled from different convolutional cubby-holes of Berni's burgeoning brain.

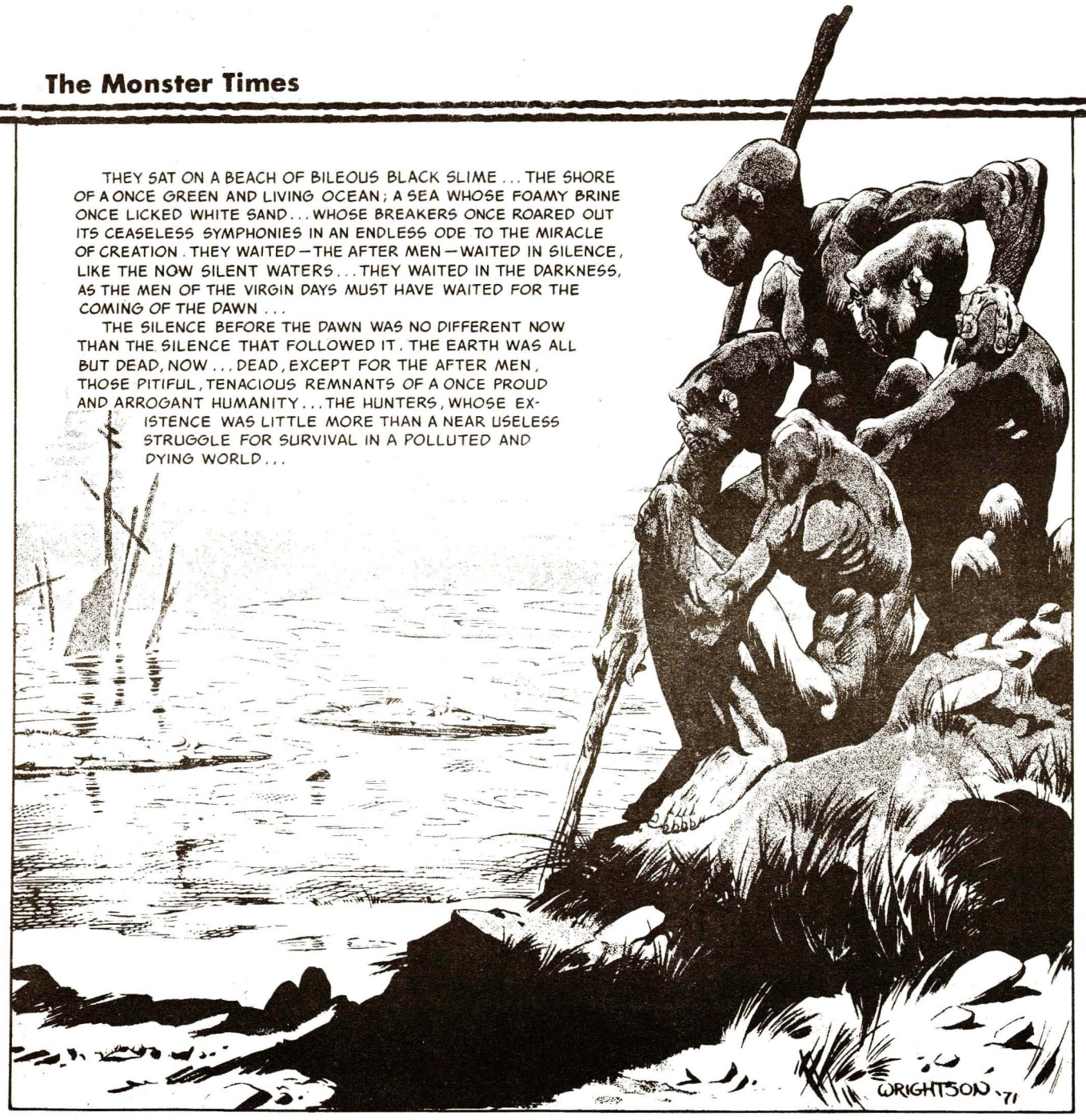
And what worlds are kept hidden in those creeping convolutional creases?! One of them is our world in the not-so-far future . . . our world, that is, if we don't control our environmental mucker-uppers . . . a world where THE LAST HUNTERS stalk their prey. There's writing in this; Wrightson word-smithery at its best . . . palpitating prose well-worthy of regaling remark;

"They sat in a world of bilious black slime . . . the shore of a once green and living ocean; a sea whose foamy brine once licked white sand . . . whose breakers once roared out its ceaseless symphonies in an endless ode to the miracle of creation. They waited . . . the After Men . . . they waited in silence, like the now silent waters . . . they waited . . . for the coming of the dawn . . .

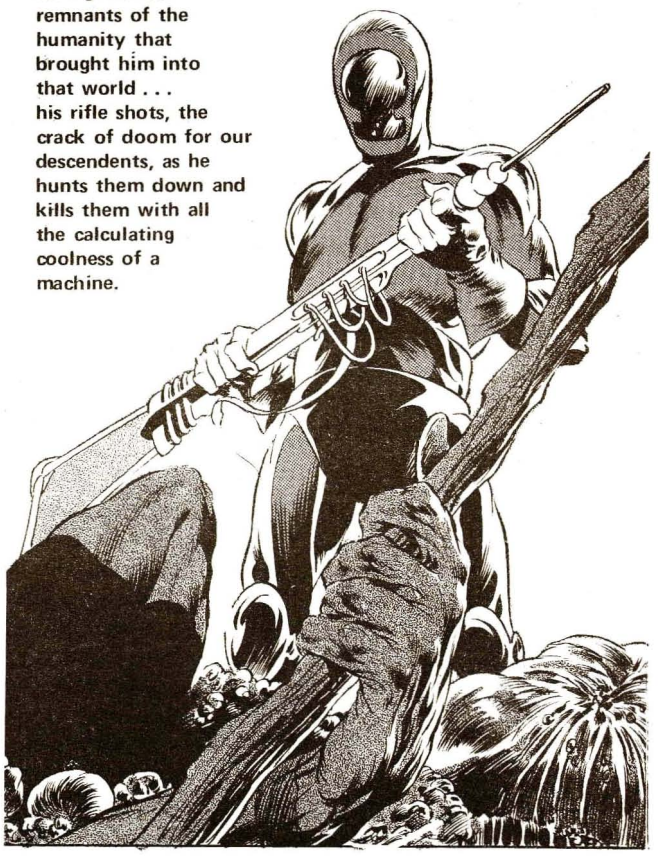
"The silence before the dawn was no different now than the silence that followed it. The world was all but dead, now . . . dead, except for the After Men. Those pitiful, tenacious remnants of a once-proud arrogant humanity . . . the hunters whose existence was little more than a near-useless struggle for survival in a polluted and dying world . . . "

AIN'T HE SWEET? . . . see him screeming down the street.

UNCLE BILL'S BARREL never waren't the same, after Uncle Bill got into it. He hunted moonshine in the moonshine!


THEY SAT ON A BEACH OF BILEOUS BLACK SLIME . . . THE SHORE OF A ONCE GREEN AND LIVING OCEAN; A SEA WHOSE FOAMY BRINE ONCE LICKED WHITE SAND . . . WHOSE BREAKERS ONCE ROARED OUT ITS CEASELESS SYMPHONIES IN AN ENDLESS ODE TO THE MIRACLE OF CREATION . THEY WAITED — THE AFTER MEN — WAITED IN SILENCE, LIKE THE NOW SILENT WATERS . . . THEY WAITED IN THE DARKNESS, AS THE MEN OF THE VIRGIN DAYS MUST HAVE WAITED FOR THE COMING OF THE DAWN . . .
THE SILENCE BEFORE THE DAWN WAS NO DIFFERENT NOW THAN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED IT . THE EARTH WAS ALL BUT DEAD, NOW . . . DEAD, EXCEPT FOR THE AFTER MEN, THOSE PITIFUL, TENACIOUS REMNANTS OF A ONCE PROUD AND ARROGANT HUMANITY . . . THE HUNTERS, WHOSE EXISTENCE WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A NEAR USELESS STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL IN A POLLUTED AND DYING WORLD . . .
WRIGHTSON '71

The After-Men survey their world of soot and grime and oil-slicks and dim sunrises, in THE LAST HUNTERS .



The truly LAST HUNTER, that prowls Wrightson's fearful future world: takes no pleasure, and no pain in killing the last remnants of the humanity that brought him into that world . . . his rifle shots, the crack of doom for our descendents, as he hunts them down and kills them with all the calculating coolness of a machine.

A grim world, indeed . . . and a little more eloquent than "It's clobberin' time!" or other coined comix phrases we've all heard.

Not to give you the idea that this is a heavy book, tho. There's plenty of gore and grue and fiendish fun to be found amongst the other BADTIME STORIES.

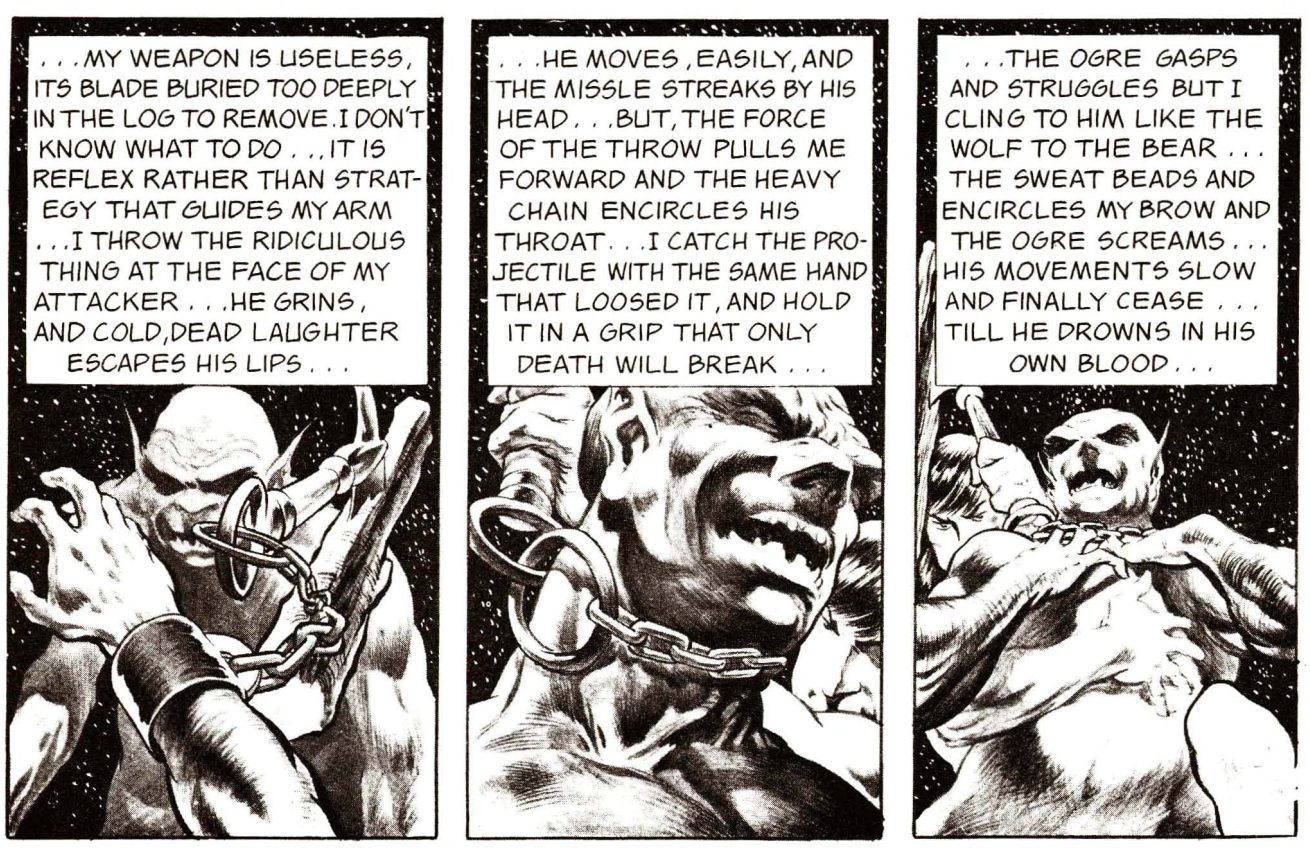
Forinstance, there's the last story in the book, UNCLE BILL'S BARREL, which was originally drawn for a defunct horror comic called WEB OF HORROR . . . in 1968. There are few more humorous horror stories ever done . . . than this gleeful tale of a hillbilly corpse who kept rising from his grave for his nightly swig o' moonshine.

Upon Uncle Bill's first rising from his grave, his hillbilly kin-folk grab his "animated prune" corpse and shove it into a store-boughten coffin (nailed shut) and bury him again. As the hill-tad narrator observes; " 'Cause he was raisin' such a racket inside the coffin, in front of the grave, we put a stone sayin' 'Rest in Peace' . . . "

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN, MAN is a more recent Wrightson merging of the macabre with pioneer humor . . . but with an ending that is definitely not for minors . . . so all you under 17's out there, be ye warned . . . this book is not for you. As far as ol' John Law is concerned. That's sort of a shame, but that's the way things are . . . a badtime story of another nature.

The $5.00 price on this volume seems a little steep, but it is well done, and the paper is slick and the covers are kneat . . . particularly the back, which is an almost same-size full-color reproduction of Berni Wrightson's version of the devil ala FANTASIA'S Night on Bald Mountain sequence.

So it's worth $5.00 to us . . . we're really into Wrightson's writhing work. ■


. . . MY WEAPON IS USELESS, ITS BLADE BURIED TOO DEEPLY IN THE LOG TO REMOVE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO . . . IT IS REFLEX RATHER THAN STRATEGY THAT GUIDES MY ARM . . . I THROW THE RIDICULOUS THING AT THE FACE OF MY ATTACKER . . . HE GRINS, AND COLD, DEAD LAUGHTER ESCAPES HIS LIPS . . .
. . . HE MOVES, EASILY, AND THE MISSLE STREAKS BY HIS HEAD . . . BUT, THE FORCE OF THE THROW PULLS ME FORWARD AND THE HEAVY CHAIN ENCIRCLES HIS THROAT . . . I CATCH THE PROJECTILE WITH THE SAME HAND THAT LOOSED IT, AND HOLD IT IN A GRIP THAT ONLY DEATH WILL BREAK . . .
. . . THE OGRE GASPS AND STRUGGLES BUT I CLING TO HIM LIKE THE WOLF TO THE BEAR . . . THE SWEAT BEADS AND ENCIRCLES MY BROW AND THE OGRE SCREAMS . . . HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW AND FINALLY CEASE . . . TILL HE DROWNS IN HIS OWN BLOOD . . .

THE TASK . . . is the title of a fine story about a contest between "good" and evil!

Beware THE REAPER OF LOVE. He eats broken hearts and drinks shed tears and even sleeps with Teddy Bears.

Illustration by Virgin Finlay, WEIRD TALES, February, 1938

YOU'RE THE HEAD MONSTER!

Yep, you are the Head Monster, around here, as far as we're concerned. You, the Reader. You, the Subscriber. You, who digs monsters and horror and science fiction and fantasy in movies & comix & TV & records & books; the whole carnival-ful of wonders that is the Mass-Media Renaissance of this century. These modern, imaginative wonders were made for You, and Your Journal, THE MONSTER TIMES, is also made for YOU! We gather news and info about them for You!

We've got an overload of material, and don't know where to begin. We've got so much great stuff on hand, and so many SPECIAL ISSUES already in the works (like a FLASH GORDON ISSUE, and a FRANKENSTEIN ISSUE, and a RAY BRADBURY ISSUE, and an EC HORROR COMICS issue or a TARZAN, EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS issue, and . . . well we don't want to tell you too much, some of the competition may be reading!), and we've got so many special features in the works, too.

We are planning more columns, reviews, news scoops, listings of events of interest to practically every imaginable sort of fan. We've got special new sideline publications planned . . . top secret stuff, and we've even planned a special X-mas supplement combination gift-buying guide of monster products and curios and a section we cheerfully call THE MONSTER TIMES REVIEW OF BOOKS, for those who still read, these days. This should make the New York Times turn green with envy!

We've got comix and comics and more of same; no matter how you spell 'em, you'll be getting them. We've got so many posters planned that you'll have to rent a warehouse to hang them all up.

Like we said, we've got more stuff than we can get into print right away. And we want to please you! You're the Head Monster!

So write us NOW! Tell us what you want to see first, and we'll comply.

Tell us how certain articles strike you, or if you would like to strike them. Rate us from A-Z, and spell out exactly how you like or dislike our presentation of Strange Stuff.

We particularly want to know about *balance* . . . .balance isn't an easy thing. Kong had balance, 'till they shot him down. Frankenstein had balance with those monster shoes of his, but Der Golem had no balance when he lost his star, and flopped right over. A monster newspaper must walk a fine tightrope of avid but varied reader interest. It must present not only what it THINKS the reader wants, but what the reader DOES want.

So help us keep our balance. Tell us by A, B, C order what you want to see most in MT: monsters, comix, sci-fi, TV, reviews, nostalgia, records, fiction, product tests, news, etc. We will tally up your responses as percentages scientifically, using the largest hat any of our editors wears.

So fill out the form below, and send it in, and we guarantee you your opinion will be read.

the Monster Times

Dear MT folk. Ok, so I'm now your Head Monster. That's really swellish. I think THE MONSTER TIMES should have the following topics emphasized in the following order indicated by A, B, C, or 1, 2, 3, or . . . any way you want!

_____ Classic Horror Sci-Fi Films.

_____ Articles on Comix.

_____ Original Comix.

_____ News.

_____ Film, Book, Record reviews.

_____ Product Tests.

_____ Interviews.

_____ Other (specify)

Name_____Age_____

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THE MONSTER TIMES P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011

HE BUYS TWO FOR THE PRICE OF TWO!

Dear Sirs,

As a comic and monster magazine collector, I was thrilled to see your publication on the news stand.

It was love at first sight when I gazed through The Monster Times. Your articles and format are excellent.

Since issue No. 1, I have made it a habit to buy 2 copies of each issue and I have placed an ad in issue No. 3.

I hope Monster Times will continue to be published just as long as monsters keep on enchanting us and needless to say, that could be forever.

Yours Truly,
Anthony Capialbi
New York City

So you're the guy who's responsible for our phenomenal success! We thought all along it was two people buying one copy. Just goes to show ya!

INSECTX IN COMIX HE LIKEX

Dear Editor,

I have to walk seven blocks to get to the nearest newsstand – but I'd walk seven miles to get "The Monster Times." It's really great. I really enjoyed your third issue. And since I'm an avid comic book fan, I truly de-sected your article on super heroes modeled after insects.

Beside's the new stuff, me and my hundreds of comic book pen-pal's in the fanzine club's dig such old golden-age goodies as . . . The Shadow, Spy Smasher, Captain Marvel, Flash Gordon, The Spider, Capt. Midnight, The Green Hornet etc. etc. – Since your author, Jimmy Thornton, is such an expert on The Green Hornet . . . why not have him do a big, detailed article on him. I promise you that we'd buy extra copies of THAT issue of M.T.

–Ronnie Howard.
New York City

We've got a Flash Gordon/Buster Crabbe ish in the works, Ron!

WHAT GRADE IS MT IN?

Dear MT:

When I saw that Gray Morrow did the cover of Monster Times, I figured I'd gamble half-a-buck in the hopes that I would be buying an interesting, fact filled newspaper about fantasy flix. After reading a few articles I realized that here was yet another Cutezy-Wootzy monster mag. This time a Rolling Stone format. The copy is just HORRIBLE! What grade are you guys in anyway? Believe me, unless you hire some capable writers to support your fairly fresh collection of fotos, the newspaper will fold and you'll be in trouble . . .

Dan Goscit,
New York City

We're in the FIRST grade, Dan!

MT's BETTER THAN WHOM?

Dear "Monster Times" staff:

I have so far bought and read all issues of MT, and, to my great pleasure, have found them excellent. I am glad to see that you have different articles than other magazines, such as "Famous Monsters of Filmland," which are reprints usually, or crummy film synopses. Also, I have found that you have excellent pictures and drawings, I especially like the big 2-page poster in each issue. In future articles I would like to see – Frankenstein photos and inside stories, maybe an article on how to use make-up to become a "monster", and a story on the life of Boris Karloff. Keep up the good work.

Matt Klyppes

P.S.: I liked the fantastic STAR TREK issue and Mushroom Monsters and King Kong.

Aw, Pshaw! We aren't really better than Famous Reprints of Synopsisland, are we? Shucks! That's a might cordial thing to say Matt! Thank ya kongly!

REVIEW OF CLOCKWORK ORANGE

Dear Sirs:

On Dec. 19, 1971 Stanly Kubricks "A Clockwork Orange" premiered at Hollywood, New York, and at the Metro Theatre in San Francisco, where I attended. Since then I have seen it three more times, and unlike 2001: A Space Odessey, I cannot take my eyes off the screen. Unlike 2001 it is fast paced and the plot and message are understandable.

A Clockwork Orange is, like Dr. Strangelove a black comedy. It is sad, sardonic, satirical and lavishingly sadistic. Like 2001 it is brilliantly visual and his ingenious use of music helps heighten your emotions to the violence on the screen.

Yet the violence is not used as gore or attraction as in other films. In Sam Pekinpah's Straw Dogs the audience is anxiously waiting for the violence to occur from the beginning of the movie. Well directed and performed, Straw Dogs is of fine quality.

However one is repulsed by the rape and violence in "A Clockwork Orange," due to the realistic style that Kubrick has given it. So close is the reality that one almost feels that he is there, a witness to all the brutality that is in the film.

The main character is Alex, a teenage rogue who is a cunning Psychopathic liar, a thief, a sadist, a rapist, and a murderer. Why then does the audience like him? Well, he's intelligent, self-reliant, dominating, witty and has a magnetic personality, that the audience accepts and admires (at least I did) this could never have been done without the dynamic performance of Malcom McDowell.

The main theme deals with taking a criminal and making him incapable of choosing between right or wrong. This is achieved by having him become (through hypnotics, drugs & other brain-washing techniques), physically sick whenever he wishes to become violent or have sex. The achievement has far more disastrous results as it leaves him less than human.

To me A Clockwork Orange is the best movie of 1971. I do not expect the readers to take my word for it, but to remember there are two views to every film. For a correct view, it must be seen by you alone.

David C. Anderson
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Just goes to show: so many people disagreed with Denny O'Neils review of A Clockwork Orange, that we received a re-review. The editors agree still with Mr. O'Neil, but figure its fair to let readers disagree in print. That's how we do things here at your newspaper.

Send us so many letters, postcards, boosts, detractions, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.

THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

by JIM WNOROSKI

Filmed in Pennsylvania, with actual Pennghoulvanians as the canniballistic zombies, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD became an overnight living un-dead legend.

THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is a strange film. It's sort of about ghouls and science fiction. But ghouls are living who feed on the dead. In NLD, the dead rise up to devour the living. So it's sort of a zombie picture, too. Then again ..

But whatever it is, it's been making waves of controversy. First it was eaten alive by the critics. Later, they ate their words of scorn, and have praised the film to the skies. The most amazing aspect of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is that it was made by amateurs on a grant from a Pennsylvania university. In many ways it looks like a grade B product . . . but keeping in mind the way it came about, it's a grade A effort. But author Jim Wnoroski thinks it's even better than that . . . .

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is a classic film . . . but nobody seems to realize it yet!

The horrifying opening scenes of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD came on the screen. Director George Romero sets the eerie mood right off in a cemetery. Johnny and Barbara arrive early on a gloomy evening to place a wreath at their grandfather's grave. Romero, who also doubles as the film's cinematographer, is evidently a student of the old "Universal" school of the thirties. Directly from the start in the cemetery, where brother and sister come under attack by a frightening disheveled stranger, there are a number of James Whale-like slanted shots with additional high and low level angles. James Whale you may recall was one of Universal Pictures' most talented directors of the thirties, turning out such classics as *FRANKENSTEIN* and *THE INVISIBLE MAN.*

Canby can be a dead-head

Some reviewers have argued over and picked at the movie's finer points. Vincent Canby, reviewer for the New York Times, said in essence that the film looked amateurish in that he noticed many scenes where the camera was not held steadily, resulting in jerky screen movements. Perhaps he refers to the middle of the picture when the audience, as well as the characters on the screen, watch television newsreel footage that recounts the ever increasing number of bodies which are rising from their graves to feed on the flesh of the living. There are scenes of panic-stricken people, high government officials being mobbed by newsmen in Washington, D.C., and an interview with the local county sheriff—all done in a hand-held camera style. It's obvious that Romero intended

"Say something against Readers' Digest, eh!" scream MT-hating Middle-America zombies.

this footage to be done in this manner, simulating to perfection the condition of actuality, so necessary for believability. In fact, this lack of studio perfection is what probably contributes most to the picture's overall success with the movie-going public. It's almost like watching what you could call a demonic documentary.

Another big objection to the film is its tastelessness in showing explicit gore scenes. A few in particular reveal several members of the living dead literally ripping apart the dead bodies of a young couple and devouring them in full close-up. Romero stays with the walking zombies, in all states of decomposition, as the audience watches them salivate over an arm, liver, brain, eye, or what have you. In another scene, a small girl repeatedly stabs her frantic mother with a sharp garden hoe.

Romero has obviously studied the masters, but he has far from copied them. A better word would be emulate, as his style is definitely all his own. His irony with all the characters (i.e., the sister finally being killed by her living-dead brother; and the hero Ben, who fought to stay alive most, being killed not by zombies but by the local sheriff who mistakes him for a member of the army of the dead) creates a very disturbing mood which cannot be easily shaken, even after the movie concludes and one leaves the theatre. All these elements, then, taken in total, provide for a picture of classic calibre.

Night of the living Die-gest

One interesting sidelight on *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* was a Readers' Digest review/article in regard to Americas lax censorship problem. The Digest article by author Roger Ebert seems to see nothing but the blood in the picture, feeling that this type of film has no redeeming value and is unsuitable for the eyes of the young—an adult being too sophisticated to even bother with a picture of this class. It seems, from all this, that Mr. Ebert just wanted to speak out on the condition of current film trends, and *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* was the closest film at hand when the article was written, thus becoming an already pre-judged scapegoat. An interesting sidelight too is the fact that Mr. Ebert later went on to write the screenplay of Russ Meyer's sexpose of blood and violence, *BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS.*

In all fairness, however, to the art of criticism, the film does have a few minor inconsistancies. One of which is a scene where Barbara flees to a seemingly deserted house, only to find the occupant, a woman, severely mangled at the top of a flight of stairs. Throughout the film the audience is led to accept the fact that soon after death the corpse will rise and seek out human flesh (and indeed this is the case with all others in the picture), yet this woman remains still and motionless all through the flick. A small fault to be sure, yet it still mars the overall plot structure.

Karl Hardman, one of the film's producers, also had the insistence to include himself among the cast as the character of Harry. Although I cannot quibble with Mr. Hardman's talent for turning out a great motion picture on a minor budget, his talent as an actor leaves something to be desired. Try to imagine a balding, 5' 5" Vincent Price and you've visualized him to a tee.

But aside from these two small flaws, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* comes close to perfection. There is no story padding, the actors (with that one exception) are all very good to excellent in their performances. These, as well as the sound, lighting, make-up, photography, and direction combine to make the picture the superb creation that it is.

Within a year since its critics predicted it would die & stay dead, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* achieved the recognition it so well deserved in the first place. Rex Reed and other major movie critics have all re-evaluated it – some even comparing it to Don Seigal's 1956 classic *'INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS'* And the public has caught on too, as booking agents have well realized in billing the film with everything from Tod Browning's *FREAKS* to Woody Allen's *BANANAS.* The picture has even had the distinction of playing six and seven month engagements in both New York and Los Angeles – as well as being added to the French Film Archives for classic cinema.

All in all, it seems the true key for appreciating *NIGHT OF THE LVIING DEAD* is involvement. Engrossing oneself in the film, which most critics failed to do the first time out, will put the viewer right in the middle of a "plausible fantasy" – a paradox to be sure, but there's always something different and unusual about a classic. ■

I am the Legend of the Last Omega Man on Earth-Blues

Continued from page 11

doubts. Oh, he's *heroic* – downing baddies with the casual earnestness of a camp counsellor inveighing against the evils of smoking – but he manages to hint that he regrets his bloodletting.

Good as Heston is, he looks amatuerish next to Anthony Zerbe's Brother Matthais. I'm coming to believe Zerbe is the finest young character actor in the movies. His redneck cop in THE LIBERATION OF L.B. JONES is a lesson in the art ot portraying pitiful creeps. In THE OMEGA MAN, Zerbe's task is considerably more difficult; his role demands he infuse sympathy, believability and flashes of nobility in a nightmarishly ugly fanatic. He succeeds, splendidly. His Matthias is always believable; occasionally, he attains the grotesque granduer of a Quasimodo.

One more performance deserves mention, that of Rosalind Cash as the romantic interest. She superbly projects the mocking sensuality of a black woman forced to sneer at her own emotions. I found her particular brand of tough-tenderness enormously appealing. Her part, as written, is almost a complete zero, yet she fills it with vitality and beauty.

Do I have complaints about THE OMEGA MAN? Yep. For one, the dialogue is banal. Talk in the movie is mostly of the kitchen-naturalism school, and to match the theme, it should have been witty, poetic or both.

hOmega the Range...

My biggest objection, however, is to the film's unarticulated assumption that the Heston gunslinger is right, and the Zerbe fanatic wrong. Sagal constantly employs light-darkness symbolism: the Family are seen as bats, slinking into the night; their eyes are hidden behind dark lenses; their costumes are reminders of the medieval inquisition. Religion is equated with superstition, which is equated with savagery, and Mother Hardware is presented as the ultimate benefit of mankind. Given the film's basic situation, the IBM-ish glorification of applied science is absurd. I think Brother Matthias has an arguable point: if technology leads to genocide, it may indeed be worthy of destruction. So a disinterested party might find himself rooting for the bad guys.

I didn't, though. I watched Charlton pilot a motorcycle across a pit of flames, and Rosalind challenge him to a necking bout, and Anthony fling a spear. I fantascized it was *me* alone in the City of the Angels, able to grab anything I wanted (maybe including Rosalind) without interference from police and work and similar inconveniences. I admired the neat cutting and smooth camera technique and the whole lexicon of sheer, undeniable competence that Hollywood is damned for by those unable to understand what an achievement it is.

I'll go out of my way to see Sagal's next film; THE OMEGA MAN establishes his credentials as a deft fantasy-weaver. Heck-fire, I may even see Heston's next. And Rosalind Cash's? Baby, you just *try* to keep me from the theater.

■ – Denny O'Neil

★★★

OVERSIGHT DEPARTMENT: Our comic strip in issue No. 3, COMES THE GRAY DAWN by Rich Buckler & Marv Wolfman originally appeared in PHASE magazine, fan-published-zine. PHASE is available at $5.00 per copy via the mail, at 4314 Clarendon Road, Brooklyn, New York, 11203,

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THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted betwitching black sundries. Some of the items are for older fan enthusiasts, and some ask you to state age when purchasing. Don't be put off by the formality, the pulsating Post Office isn't.

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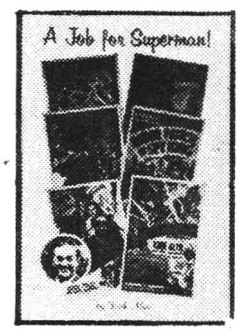

A JOB FOR SUPERMAN.
Kirk Alyn $5.00
The first actor ever to play the part of Superman has written this memoir. It is filled with film-making stories (how he caught fire while flying), good humor, and many, many photographs. Fun reading, even for non-film fans.

HISTORY OF THE COMICS.
Jim Steranko ... $3.00
There is a series involved here, and this is volume one. You can find few better descriptions of how comic books evolved (from newspaper strips and pulp adventure magazines), and there are hundreds of photos and illustrations. Nifty reading, great art — poster-sized full-color cover by the author.

ABYSS 1.
Jones et al., ed. $2.00
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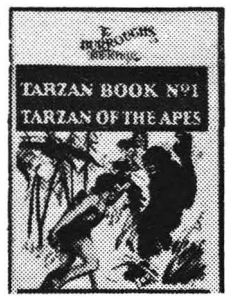

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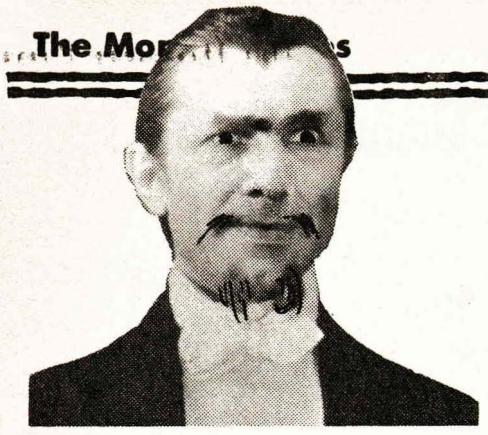


ZOMBIES ON PARADE

Continued from page 5

Altermann succeeds in quelling skepticism. He further points to Lazarus as yet another of his creations. However, as he continues to rave about an invincible army, he is shocked to hear a hollow-sounding "No!" emerge from his dead wife's lips. He remarks that he must continue to experiment on her, so that her brain will be capable of only receiving and obeying orders, rather than questioning them.

Von Altermann wills his bride to remain in her dead state, but her will is strong enough so that she rises on her own power and disappears into the jungle. The hero convinces one Mammy Beulah (Madame Sul-te-wan) to aid him in a fight against her master. She calls to Lila (in a high, wailing moan) who comes and tells him that only her husband's death can free her. The Nazi scientist calls out his zombies to stop, but Lila appears and her will power triumps; the zombies slowly lumber toward the petrified doctor. Von Altermann escapes from his undead creations, but in fleeing through the treacherous swamplands, both he and his zombie wife perish in quicksand.

REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES was followed by another Monogram semi-zombie film in 1941 VOODOO MAN.

In VOODOO MAN, Young Women have been disappearing mysteriously near the town of Twin Falls. A retired physician, Doctor Richard Marlowe (Lugosi), lives near the small village with his wife, who suffers a strange malady. A young scriptwriter, Ralph Dawson (Michael Ames), becomes involved when a girl from whom he hitched a ride disappears near Marlowe's home.

Dawson and the abducted girl's sister, Betty Benton (Wanda McCay), report the disappearance to the local authorities, then journey out to the Marlowe residence. They devise a plan to locate Betty's missing sister, but Betty herself disappears within the Marlowe walls.

Ralph and the police arrive and break into a room where Marlowe and his assistant, Nicholas (George Zucco), are performing a voodoo ceremony over Betty and the doctor's wife. Marlowe had kidnapped the girls for the purpose of bringing his wife back to normal, for which he needs a girl with the exact mental plane that his wife formerly had. After failing on the others, the girls had become zombies and were kept in upright coffin-closets and attended to by the dim-witted Job (John Carradine's all-time degrading role – worse than his ASTRO-ZOMBIES or BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE). As the police interrupt his final attempt at restoring his wife to normalcy, Marlowe is shot, but before he dies he destroys his wife and releases the other girls from their zombie-like state. Yes it was another one of "them"

It stalked from out of the tin mine! Really. That's where this zombie actually came from, in Hammer Films' PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES . . . tho it sounds like a rot-tin gag.

I Walked with a Zombie

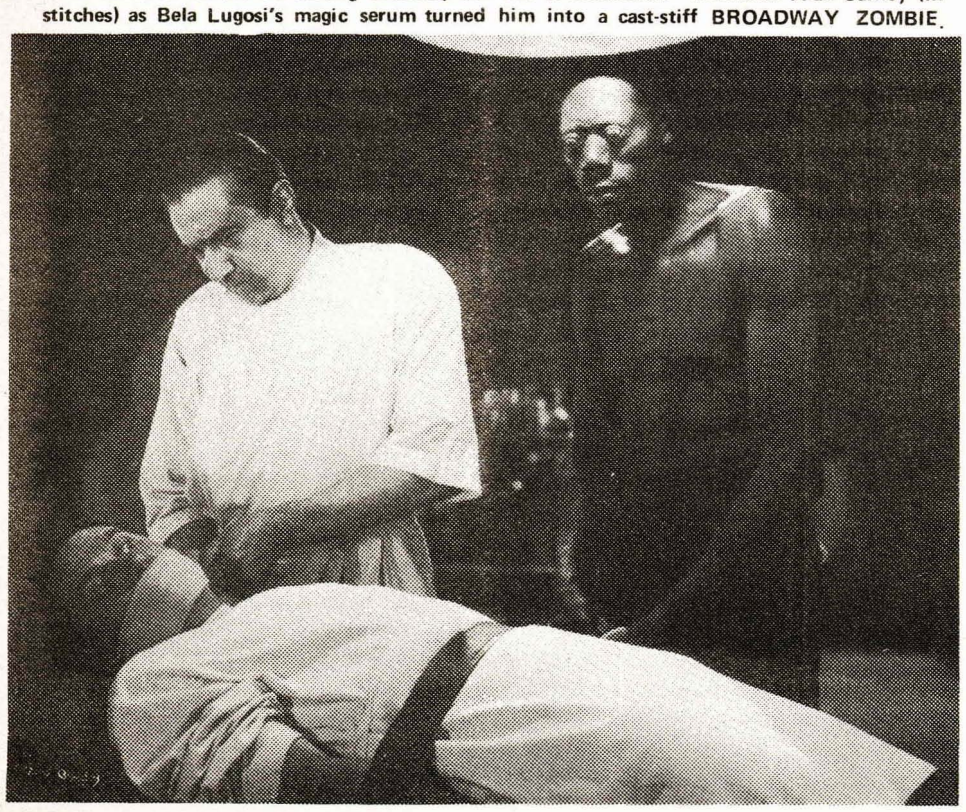
I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE opens with a romantic, almost humorous charm in the form of a narration. It is seemingly bare of macabre, but as with all of director Val Lewton's films, there is to be found an underlying premise of terrors to come. As the credits fade from the screen, and while ocean waves calmly pound against a desolate beach, the light voice of Betsy, the film's heroine (portrayed by Frances Dee) delivers the short prelude: "I walked with a zombie!" she laughs. . .with a soft, tinkling ghostly laughter. Then the voice continues, "Does seem an odd thing to say. If anyone had said that to me a year ago, I'm not at all sure if I would have known what a zombie was! Ah well, I might have had some notion that. . .he was strange and frightening. . .even a little funny. It all began in such an ordinary way. . ."

Indeed. Betsy takes a vacation in San Sebastian, in the West Indies. She meets a man named Paul Holland (Tom Conway) who employs her as his housekeeper.

Holland then takes Betsey downstairs in his home where he introduces her to Doctor Maxwell (James Bell). It is the physician who first calls her by her supernatural name, when he tells Betsy, "She makes a beautiful zombie, doesn't she?" "What is a zombie?" questions the nurse. "A ghost! a living dead! It's also a drink."

Of course, the zombie denoted in the title is Jessica Holland Holland's wife, who is first proclaimed a zombie by Dr. Maxwell, though only in jest. Mrs. Rand's story of voodooism is discounted by Maxwell when he recalls that Jessica never really died. What Lewton has neatly accomplished in I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE is giving us a zombie film without zombies!

"I've heard of chicks on casting couches, but this is ridiculous!" mumbled Alan Carney (in stitches) as Bela Lugosi's magic serum turned him into a cast-stiff BROADWAY ZOMBIE.



Zombies on Broadway

RKO, seeking to capitalize on what seemed to be a dying (yet still profitable) genre, released ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY, which combined witless humor with low-grade horror. Top-billed in the affair were comics Wally Brown and Alan Carney who can only be charitably described as a pre-Martin and Lewis team with none of the few endearing qualities which resulted in the success of the latter comedy duo. Sharing the billing (but not the screen time) was an already haggard-looking Bela Lugosi.

The script, which was probably devised within a couple of hours (or so it seems), had Brown and Carney playing Jerry Miles and Mike Strager, a couple of press agents for supposedly reformed gangster Ace Miller (Sheldon Leonard), who is attempting to finalize plans for the opening of his nightclub, "The Zombie Hut." Problems arise when Miles and Strager promise a zombie on opening night. This is quickly snatched up by radio commentator Douglas Walker (Louis Jean Heydt) who announces that the zombie will be just another of Miller's tricks to con John Q. Public. Miller threatens to liquidate the publicists if they can't deliver a real zombie and, after a short sojourn to a local museum, the boys learn from Professor Hopkins (Ian Wolfe) that a one-time colleague of his, Richard Renault (Lugosi), sailed to the isle of San Sebastian many years previous to make a study of the phenomenon.

Miller forces the boys to sail to the island, and in no time a calypso singer warns: "Their chance to leave may come too late; and blood on the ground may mark their fate.

Unknown to the Americans, their arrival has been noted by Doctor Renault. Renault has succeeded in turning humans into zombies through scientific means, but his guinea pigs have always reverted back to themselves. . .or died. . .shortly after Renault injected them with his serum. Nevertheless, he continues to strive to create a being such as Kalaga (Darby Jones), a zombie created by Voodoo which he took from the natives for his servant 20 years before. Enter Jean LaVance, a torch singer. Mike is turned into a zombie by Renault. But before the doctor can inject his most recently developed serum into Miles, the heros get free and make their way from the castle. Renault orders Kalaga to kill them, but the zombie kills his master instead, throwing his body into a grave which Renault had dug for the others.

Jean and Jerry lead the zombieized Mike successfully aboard the ship bound for the States, and all goes well with their plans to display him as "The Zombie Hut" attraction up until the last minute, when Strager reverts to his normally silly self. Miller is about to personally shoot the boys when the lights go off during some scuffle. Outside the office, the capacity audience (including Walker and Professor Hopkins) continue to chant for the promised zombie. When the attraction does appear, it is none other than Ace Miller himself, the victim of Renault's stolen hypodermic needle which stabbed him in the fight. Hopkins and Walker are satisfied and the night is a total success – until Jerry Miles sits down on the hypo and rises to become the latest bug-eyed monster! Lotsalaffs!

ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY is an example of talent falling short of its potential, and looks little better than BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA. . .an even more obscure Lugosi opus than Z's ON B!

Valley of the Zombies

In 1946 Republic Pictures released what was to become the last zombie title of the decade with their VALLEY OF

"The ground broke open and a rotting swaying uncertainly. The hand that the support dripped clots of mud and skin."

Having just clawed his way from the grave, Peter Cushing as the walking dead Mr. Grimsdyke in TALES FROM THE CRYPT gets ready to deliver a valentine-shaped heart . . .

THE ZOMBIES. Although the title is something of a misnomer – having more to do with vampirism than zombies – the low-budgeted quickie had a thoroughly engaging plot throughout its brief 58-minute running time.

Ormand Murks (Ian Keith), a pathologically disturbed scientist, has been committed to a mental institution by Doctor Rufus Maynard (Charles Trowbridge) because of his insane belief that blood transfusions can prolong his life. He seemingly dies on an operating table a short time later, but turns up very much alive in Maynard's office. He reveals to the physician that his one great life's ambition has been to prove that man could appear as though he were dead, yet live! Murks discovered that an intermediate stage between life and death did indeed exist–a world of living death! Murks tells the doctor that he learned the secret in a "land of voodoo rites and devil potents," in "the valley of the zombies!" However, once the mysterious serum is taken, the person must live within this intermediate stage for the remainder of his life and subsist on constant transfusions. After Murks tells the physician his secret, he is told by Maynard that he does not have the right blood type on hand. The revelation causes Murks to kill the doctor for his blood. Murks' younger brother, who is convinced that Murks has gone too far, also pays with his life. And so on, to the Murky end.

Zombies of the '50's

With the trend of the early and mid-fifties leaning toward science fiction rather than horror, it comes as little surprise that script writers began developing more stories in which aliens were reducing earthmen to mindless creatures, or mad doctors were using science to create zombie-like creatures. CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN (1955), PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE (1959), THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING (1964), MONSTROSITY (1964) and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (1969) are some examples of the fusing of science fiction with the supernatural.

Republic Pictures' chapter play, ZOMBIES OF THE STRATOSPHERE (1952), was an unoriginal action effort using much stock footage from previous serials. It was later released in a feature version as SATAN'S SATELLITES (1958), but neither title accurately described its mundane plot: an alien attempt to overthrow the earth.

Boris Karloff turned up in a very cheaply produced film (partially shot in Hawaii) called VOODOO ISLAND, which was released by United Artists in 1957. Karloff's role was that of Philip Knight, a professor who is skeptical in regard to the powers of supernatural and voodoo. He journeys to an obscure isle where he finds man-eating plants and voodoo-practicing natives who turn members of the party into shrunken dolls and mindless nonentities (they are never actually termed zombies). While the film is usually considered one of Karloff's worst, his competent performance and the overall bizarre nature of some of the scenes (i.e., two young girls play around a plant which devours one of them) save it from total disaster, appealing to fans of Gratuitous Gore.

The same sort of bizarre touches which saved VOODOO ISLAND more than rescued ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU, which was released on a double bill with THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE by Columbia that same year. Opening with the tinny, "canned" music familiar to all those who frequented theaters on Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons during the late '50's, ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU begins with young Jan Peters (Autumn Russell) returning to her Grandmother's home on Mora Tau off the African coast after an absence of ten years. She is met and driven to her Grandmother.

Off the coastline, a boat has arrived to dive for the huge fortune in diamonds believed to be at the bottom of the sea off the voodoo-haunted Mora Tau. Leading the expedition is George Harrison (Joel Ashley) who has come with his wife Mona (Allison Hayes), diver Jeff Clark (Gregg Palmer) and archeologist Jonathan Eggert (Morris Ankrum) along with a few crewmen. Before they are even underway, a figure slips on board ship and kills one of the crew.

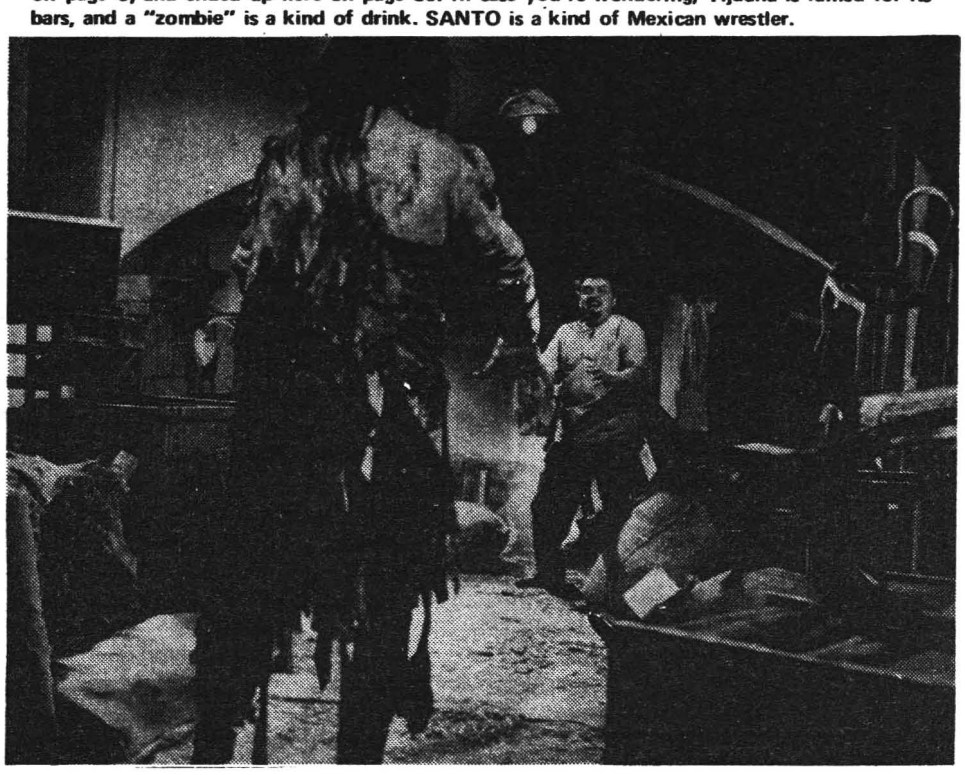
Legends surround the sinking of the "Susan Bee" 60 years previous. Captain Jeremy Peters, as he appeared so long ago, is still the same today, "except for his eyes," she sadly notes. For when the "Susan Bee" put in for trade way back in 1894, the sailors discovered a cask full of uncut diamonds protected by the natives. Captain Peters and a number of the crew were killed in the struggle over the jewels, while the remainder of the men successfully returned to the ship with the fortune. But shortly afterwards, the undead Captain and his crew–now zombies–returned to their ship to kill those who had survived the battle and to scuttle the ship as well. Since then they have been doomed to walk the earth as undead beings, to guard the treasure from falling into the hands of the living.

Perhaps one of the most humorous lines comes near the end of the picture when Jeff Clark is trying to convince Mrs. Peters that the zombies can be foiled. By distributing the jewels in every part of the world, how will the zombies be able to do anything? "What would they do? Picket all the jewelry stores on Fifth Avenue?"

The weakness of the film can be attributed mostly to the low budget. The pressbook praised director Edward Cahn as an "efficiency expert" for rigging up actors Palmer and Ashley with bubble machines resembling oxygen tanks. Unfortunately, the effect is hardly convincing even on the mini-screen of a television set and the slow-moving actors in diving suits behind the water tank did little to aid this fraud.

The horror film epidemic known as the "Teenage Monster" craze which ravaged the genre at the end of the fifties caught up with the zombie in an incredibly inept film called TEENAGE ZOMBIES. Starring Katherine Victor as a foreign scientist intent on making mindless slaves of most of the human race, she conducted her experiments on a lonely island off the Californian coast. The "teenagers" arrive as a group of pre-AIP "Beach Party" kids who are quickly imprisoned by the femme scientist's stoop-shouldered zombie-man (who is laughable at best). They eventually foil the woman and the foreign agents who have come to get her secret in the welcome climax. Most of the film was shot on a desolate beach, in the back yard of one of the cast's or crew's home, and on a laboratory set which is perhaps the worst of all time–at the very least, it's a runner-up.

"Thought you said Tijuana was that way!" demands zombie who set off looking for SANTO on page 6, and ended up here on page 30. In case you're wondering, Tijuana is famed for its bars, and a "zombie" is a kind of drink. SANTO is a kind of Mexican wrestler.



Zombies sizzle the '60's

An obscure film called THE DEAD ONE surfaced unobstrusively in 1960.

The Mexican character Santo, a combination wrestler and masked super-hero who has managed to face almost every conceivable type of monster at one time or another in a series of wretched South-of-the-Border epics (the end of which are not yet in sight) appeared in SANTO CONTRA EL ZOMBIES (SANTO AGAINST THE ZOMBIES) in 1962.

INVASION OF THE ZOMBIES was reputedly filmed in 1963 by Iselin–Tenny Productions, however most researchers are in accord that the film was eventually retitled and distributed by 20th Century Fox as THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH.

THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES (formerly THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURE WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME A CRAZY MIXED-UP ZOMBIE) speaks for itself.

American-International handled the stateside distribution of an Italian Galatea Production Roma Contro Roma, whose English title became WAR OF THE ZOMBIES. John Drew Barrymore, son of the famed thespian, played Aderbal, an Armenian priest who serves a powerful one-eyed goddess. The insane priest's lust for power causes him to lead an uprising against the Roman Empire and he is initially successful in destroying large numbers of Roman soldiers through his magical prowess. When the Senate in Rome dispatches Centurion Gaius (Ettore Manni) to quell the rebellion, Aderbal manages to capture the officer and restores an army of dead men to do battle with the Roman legion. But when Gaius escapes and the sorcerer destroyed, the undead perish as well and order is restored to Armenia.

corpse rose from the opening, corpse placed on the headstone for

from Tales of the Crypt,
a novel from Bantam Books
by Jack Oleck

Although it is usually agreed upon by most that television has seldom risen to great heights in the area of fantasy horror, one outstanding contradiction to that belief lies in NBC's THRILLER series hosted by Boris Karloff during the first years of the '60's and still to be seen in syndication in certain parts of the country. One of the adaptions during the show's second season was based on Robert E. Howard's classic short story "Pigeons From Hell" which originally appeared in *Weird Tales* magazine in the late 1930's. The video adaption was so chillingly conceived and filmed; so faithful to the original work, that I felt obligated to include it within this discussion although it may not be a zombie tale in the strictest sense.

Howard's monsterish creation had its basis not only in the zombie, but in the witch, the vampire and the werewolf as well. His inhuman fiend was called a "zuvenbie", and the author defined the creature as something "...no longer human. It knows neither relatives nor friends. It is one with the people of the Black World. It commands the natural demons—owls, bats, snakes and werewolves, and can fetch darkness to blot out a little light. It can be slain by lead or steel, but unless it is slain thus, it lives forever, and it eats no such food as humans eat. It dwells like a bat in a cave or an old house. Time means naught to the zuvembie; an hour, a day, a year, all is one. It cannot speak human words, nor think as a human thinks, but it can hypnotize the living by the sound of its voice, and when it slays a man, it can control the lifeless body until the flesh is cold. As long as the blood flows, the corpse is its slave. Its pleasure lies in the slaughter of human beings."

"Pigeons From Hell" was directed by John Newland, who is immediately recalled as the host of ONE STEP BEYOND. In all, the episode added up to be perhaps the best of the series, and can be favorably compared to almost any of the best theatrical excursions into the macabre. In the zombie genre, it ranks second only to WHITE ZOMBIE.

Zombies Hammer away

Hammer films have done every monster imaginable. However, it was not until 1965 that the British filmmakers began to explore the possibilities of a voodoo theme in their films, with their production of THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES.

The locale is a small Cornish village where the usual series of inexplicable deaths resulting from a strange malady continues to claim the lives of the villagers.

The screenplay for THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES can simply be described as a patiently-plotted piece of hokum, lacking any real depth, but carrying enough care in its development that it is not tedious. It's a cliche-ridden piece of work which purports a degree of authenticity toward its subject matter and always treats it completely seriously. The zombies are created through a voodoo ceremony presided over by a high priest and, after the blood of the intended victim has been obtained, the fluid is poured over one of the small wooden dolls. The victim begins to become sluggish in life until he eventually dies to be reborn as a zombie, his soul encased in the doll.

In spite of the somewhat intelligent handling, the zombies themselves are not so fortunate. Their makeup, consisting of a greenish hue and a rotting complexion, is horrendously overdone.

Zombies from Z to Z...

It is unfortunate but sadly true that the "zombie" as a creature of horror has never realized its full potential on the silver screen. It has seldom been depicted as anything more than a lumbering, heavily-madup poor man's Frankenstein Monster. I suspect that the character will never again rise to the classic proportions it reached only once—in the Lugosi film—and fantasy film producers are so commercially minded at this time that an artistic film similar in content to Lewton's contribution seems even more impossible a dream.

"Zombie" films have never made up a large niche of the fantastic cinema, and the field remains virtually untapped of the many exciting possibilities which films like WHITE ZOMBIE, I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE, and even "Pigeons From Hell" have partially evidenced over the last forty years. ■

WAR OF THE ZOMBIES saw Roman soldier John Drew Barrymore bury more zombies than even we'd like to! J.D.B. is son of the famed actor, John Barrymore. We say this to impress you, even though John Drew Barrymore isn't in this photo. Nor is his father.

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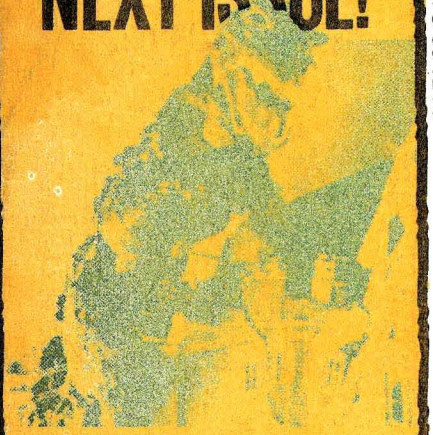

GODZILLA KING OF THE MONSTERS

What? Tired of zombies already? Funny you should mention that, so are we. Next issue we sail away from those undead denizens of Horrific Haiti, and set course for Japan, current stomping ground of one particular prehiterrorosity, a **MR. G. GODZILLA,** *who was quite notorious for his incredibly bad breath. Our* **GODZILLA** *film book will be handled rather straight, though keep your eyes peeled for future issues, when we present his autobiography . . .*

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